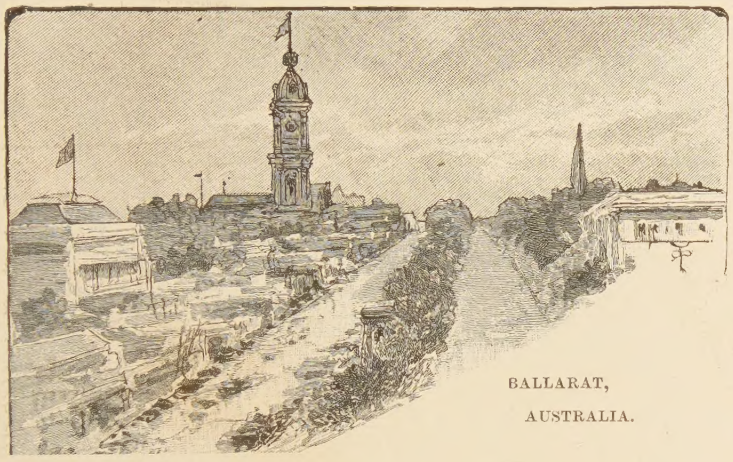
Methodist Magazine and Review.

SEPTEMBER, 1896.

THE GREATER BRITAIN OF THE SOUTHERN SEAS.



BALLARAT, AUSTRALIA.

I.

The growth of the English-speaking race during the last fifty years, says Mr. Arthur Temple, in his "Making of the Empire," has been one of the modern wonders of the world. The little islands which we call the United Kingdom have been overflowing and peopling a continent or two. English, Scotch, and Irishmen have been wandering far away

> "On from island unto island at the gateways of the day."

The vast prairies of Canada, the cities of the Indian Empire, the mining districts of Africa, bear witness to their energy, but their progress in Australia is even more remarkable, because it has been more sudden. Small villages have, since our Queen came to the throne, developed into great centres of population. Ill-paved streets, along which bullock-waggons jolted and rumbled, have given place to stately thoroughfares, of which Paris and Vienna might be proud.

The advance of Australia is very wonderful, but equally surprising is the fact that the great island continent should have remained so long untrodden by white men. With Tasmania and New Zealand it is nearly 3,100,000 square miles in area. Europe and Canada are not much larger, and yet, three hundred and fifty years ago, the existence of this huge tract of country was practically unknown.

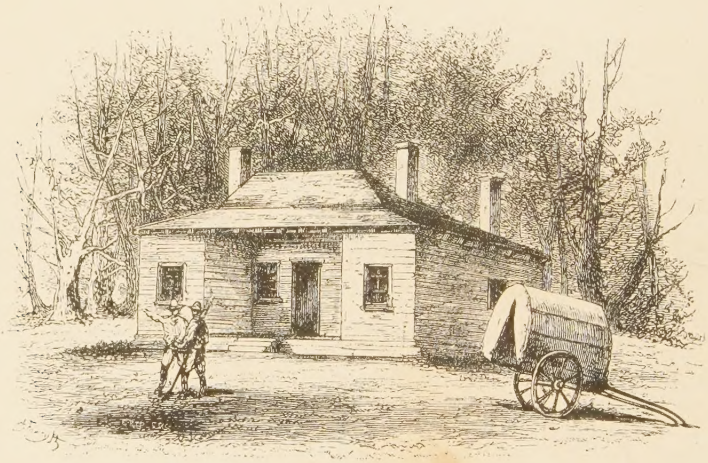
To-day, Melbourne, the London of the Antipodes has, with her suburbs, a population of half a million. Some of her public buildings are princely, and worthy of any Old World metropolis. And yet, when our grandfathers were

boys, Melbourne was unexplored forest and scrub.

From its western extremity, Steep Point, to its extreme eastern point, Cape Byron, Australia is 2,500 miles long; and its breadth, from Cape York, its northernmost point, to its southern extremity at Cape Wilson, is 1,900 miles. Its entire coast line embraces a circuit of 8,000 miles, and its area is estimated at 3,000,000 square miles. Its interior has been only partially explored. It seems to have the character of a table-land of moderate height, studded with groups of small mountains, and, in the interior, sometimes sinking into low, swampy valleys; while on the general level of the table-land itself are vast plains, sometimes fertile, but oftener sandy, or covered with the long stiff grass called spinifex.

Very few of the rivers of Australia are navigable, and in most of them running water is only found during a small portion of the year. The most remarkable peculiarity of these streams is the suddenness with which, even when full of water, they disappear into a quicksand or marsh. Thus, although these creeks and rivers are almost innumerable, they fail to irrigate the soil. Only a few exceptions to this rule are found.

The climate of Australia is exceedingly hot, but dry and healthy in such southern parts as are already colonized, where it appears favourable to European constitutions, and resembles in many particulars the climate of Spain. In the extreme north, beyond the tropic of Capricorn, which crosses the continent near its centre, the heat is more oppressive, and the absence of large streams gives almost the arid climate of a desert. In summer the mercury often rises to 100 degrees, or even 120 degrees. One traveller (William Howitt) has even stated his experience at 139 degrees.



SETTLER'S HOME, AUSTRALIA.

The natives are superior in intelligence to the Tierra del Fuegans, and they readily adopt European habits. They seldom build huts or other fixed dwellings, but content themselves with a strip of bark or a large bough as a shelter from the wind.

Captain Cook, in 1770, discovered New South Wales and Botany Bay, which was so called

by Sir Joseph Banks, the botanist of the expedition, from the wonderful display which its plants afforded. In 1788, the first English colony was established in New South Wales, at first as a penal settlement. The original design of the British Government was to make this penal station at Botany Bay itself; but a better locality was found at Sydney, and Captain Phillip was sent out with a squadron, having on board 850 convicts and a guard of 200 men and officers. In this convict colony, placed as it was under the absolute control of a governor with almost unlimited power, every kind of abuse and vice grew up; and of these the free colonists, who afterward began to settle in the district, felt the effects in many ways.

AN ABORIGINAL.

Gold has been found all over the colonies. It was at first met with in small pieces on the surface; as the surface supply became exhausted, it was found at a short distance down, and the diggings have increased in depth as they have decreased in general richness. At Ballarat, near Geelong, where the most valuable lumps of gold have been procured (28, 60, and 136 pounds in weight), the shafts are sunk to a depth of more than 100 feet.

Among the industries which have grown up, the raising of sheep has the most prominent place. The great sheep runs, occupying immense tracts of land have become a principal feature of the country. Merino and other fine breeds, imported early into the colonies, have increased with great rapidity, and the statistics show the extraordinary amount of wool annually yielded, and nearly all exported. The recent progress of the country has been uninterrupted and rapid. The era of speculation seems to have nearly passed away, and the affairs of the colonies are gradually assuming the settled aspect of those of older States. From New South Wales alone, the export of wool in 1892 was £10,540,147; from Victoria, £6,619,141.

AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES.

The Rev. Joseph Cook thus enumerates the elements of the prosperity of this Greater Britain of the Southern Seas :

Happy valleys, like that of Rasselas, lie under the cool sunlight as you gaze westward on Australia from your ship, which coasts southward now, along gigantic coral reefs. Forests of gray gum-trees, which shed their outer bark, but not their foliage, rustle in the fastnesses, where yet roam the emu and the kangaroo. The silver shafts of the mellow afternoon sun fall in benediction on hedgeless pastures and bleating flocks.

What are the organizing dates of Australian history ? 1606, the island discovered by the Dutch ; 1770, east coast discovered by Captain Cook ; 1788, Sydney founded; 1837, Melbourne founded; 1851, gold discovered in Victoria; 1853 transportation of convicts to Australia forbidden. Around these six points crystallize Australian years thus far.

It has pleased Almighty Providence to bring into existence in Australia the most brilliant group of cities in the southern hemisphere. Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, are incomparably the most important municipalities south of the equator. There is no slavery in Australia, thank God, and not likely to be. You find in the three or four millions of its present population the pilgrim fathers and mothers of the future of Australasia. Here are as many people as the United States had when they broke off from the British Empire.

What is the attitude of this mass of human beings toward great questions of religion and politics ? What are the promises and what are the perils of the religious future of Australasia ?

Among the promises, notice :

1. The quantity of the prospective population—100,000,000, at least. There is room in Australia and the islands near it for 200,000,000 of people. Look at the map, and observe that Australia is just about equal to the United States, excluding Alaska. The interior of Australia is by no means as nearly a desert as our older geographies led us to suppose. If one will dig artesian wells for his flocks, he can drive them from one end to the other of the continent, and support

them all the while from the natural pasturage. You remember, too, what gold mines are in Australia.

2. The quality of the population,—English and Scotch, and chiefly Protestant. Thank heaven that the southern lands are not likely to be settled by Asiatics, but by the foremost Western peoples! No doubt there is a great future before Japan and China; but it is fortunate that Australia and approved institutions in education, politics, and church life.

4. Its achievements up to the present time in education, politics, and religion.

My conviction is strong that Australia is more thoroughly filled with the best influences of British civilization than our Pacific Slope is with the best of American. Australia has herself done better things for her churches and her

CATTLE CROSSING THE DARLING RIVER.

is not to be indebted to them for more than a fragment of its population. It is quality that makes nations great. The pioneers of Australian civilization are picked men. The vast breadth of ocean which separates this continental island from Great Britain and Europe acts as a protective tariff with regard to the things of character. It appalls drones. Second-rate men have rarely pluck enough to go across this breadth of sea.

3. Its inheritance of high ideals

schools than our Pacific Slope has yet done for its own.

5. The freedom of the population from precedent, and its inclination and opportunity to choose the newest and best fashions in everything.

6. Its broad suffrage, and the consequent political necessity that it should make education and religious training general.

7. Its separation of Church and State, and the consequent necessity that the churches should depend on self-help, and not on

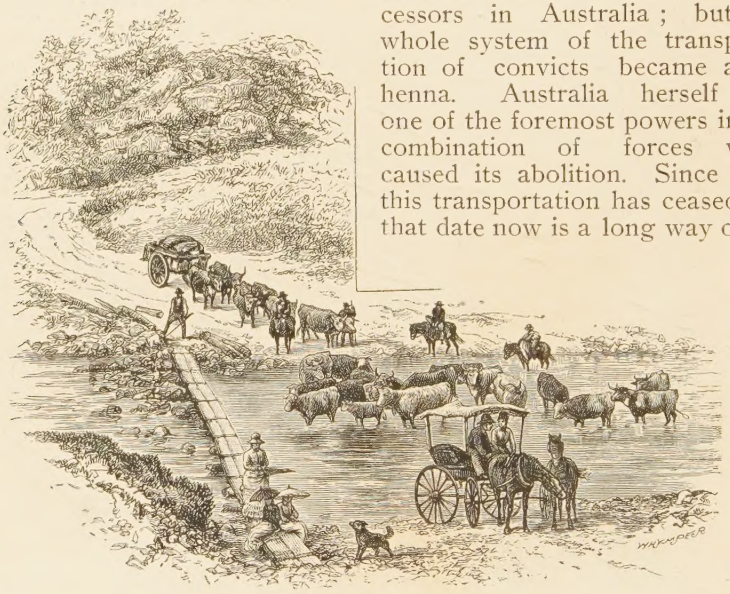
State help; the unity, purity and aggressiveness this necessity will foster.

8. Its close moral and educational, as well as political, connection with England and Scotland.

9. Its distance from corrupting neighbours and the usual paths of wars.

10. Its prospective political confederation.

11. Its mobility of ranks in society, and the consequent aspiration of the masses for culture.



THE FORD.

12. Its central position and immense opportunity for usefulness in Japan, China, and India.

Each leading city expects to be the capital of the confederation. Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide; and admirable cities they are, either of them worthy of being the capital of a great nation. Sydney, the first one you visit,—Sydney, with its hundred bays; Sydney, possessed of the finest harbour in the southern hemisphere, unless it be that of Rio; Sydney, which is a dream of beauty in its position by land and sea,—is a royal child, not unworthy of its parentage in stalwart emigrant populations from England.

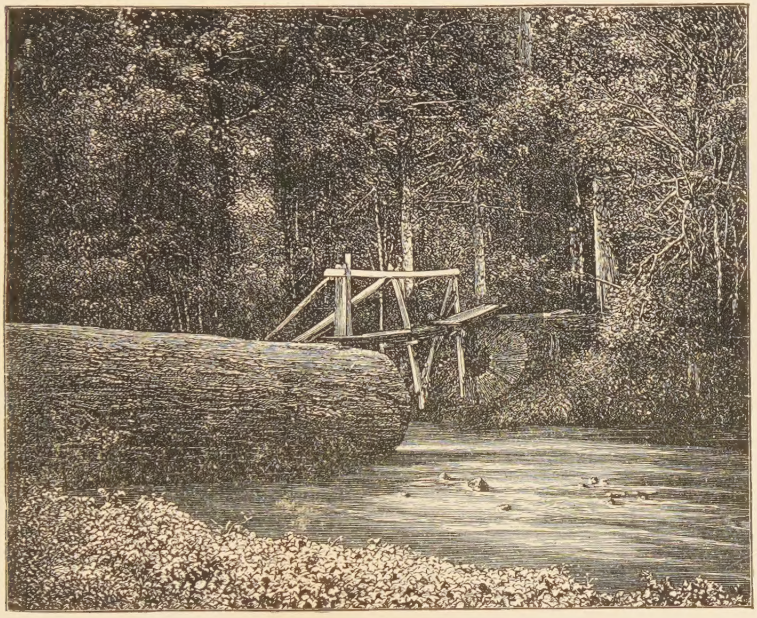
There was once a Botany Bay near Sydney; but if you go to Australia, and speak of the population there as being descended from convicts, your mouth is soon closed, not by a haughty reply without fact behind it, but by actual evidence. It is true that convict families have had successors in Australia; but the whole system of the transportation of convicts became a Gehenna. Australia herself was one of the foremost powers in that combination of forces which caused its abolition. Since 1853, this transportation has ceased, and that date now is a long way off.

The population has increased faster, in many portions of Australia, than in any part of the American Union during the last twenty years. The result is that the present atmosphere of society in Sydney reminds you of that of London. Adelaide reminds you of Edinburgh, and Melbourne reminds you of Boston.

As one nation, Australians will feel that their responsibilities are continental. Australasia, first or last, will naturally draw into the

circle of its political control most of the islands south of the equator. Confederation will strengthen all the excellent tendencies of the country, and enhance the value of the inheritance and achievements of the population—its freedom, universal suffrage, high education, immense industrial opportunity, political and moral example, and separation of Church and State.

In Australasia, as I believe, are



A FOREST BRIDGE.

to originate important forces facilitating reform throughout the East. From the centre of a population of 100,000,000 under the southern cross, will be shot javelins of Christianity and of lofty and educational influences into the very heart of Japan, India, and China, and even of the Dark Continent itself.

Notice next a list of the perils in the religious future of these colonies :

1. The concentration of its population in cities, and the comparative smallness of the rural population.

2. The necessity of managing cities under universal suffrage and party government.

3. The absence of an aristocracy and a leisured class, to set a high standard in manners and social fashions.

4. The formation of new classes in society, especially of a lawless and explosive lower class, a pushing middle class, and an overworked upper class.

5. The crude, transitional state of the democratic thought of the masses in our day.

6. The rising to power of a generation that has not seen England or Scotland.

7. The opportunity to gain wealth swiftly, and hence haste to be rich.

8. Passion for amusement and luxury.

9. Excessive secularism, arising from the complete abolition of

Church and State in a population not accustomed to the exclusive use of the voluntary system in Church affairs.

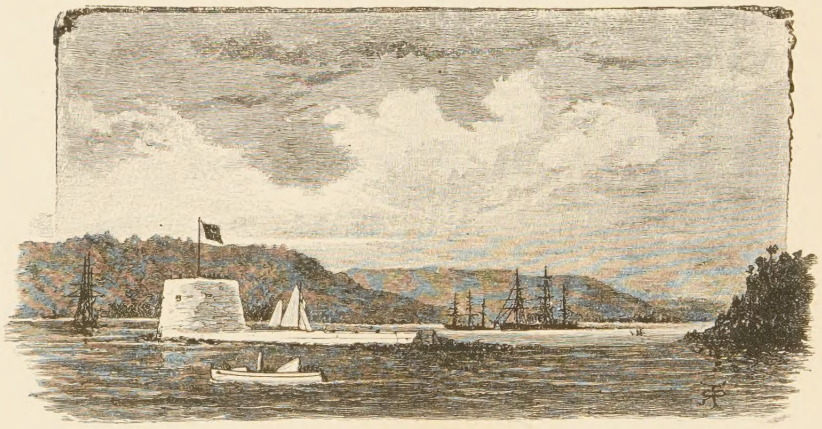
10. Sectarian rivalry from the same cause.

11. Bondage of pulpit to pews under the voluntary system.

12. Climate, increasing the danger of the characteristic vices, and weakening the characteristic virtues of the British people,—energy and purity suffering always some diminution in sub-tropical regions.

After all, I regard this climatic influence as by no means the least of the perils of the northern Australian populations. Britons in Queensland are in the climate of Spain and Algiers. Tasmania is like England in her climate. New Zealand resembles portions of the mother island, but the most of Australia lies in a sub-tropical climate. Such intemperance as Britons hardly survive at home is swiftly fatal in Australia. Let the populations under the southern cross be delivered from the vices peculiar to highly heated climates; let Christianity purify civilization there in such a manner that it may shine with beams as keen as those of any northern constellation; and there will not be on the face of the globe in one hundred years—except probably in the American Republic—a more influential gathering of English-speaking people than in Australasia at large.

Australia is so vast that in the few months which you spend in it, you cannot see half of it. But Australia concentrates its population in large towns. In fifteen cities of Australia and Tasmania, you find more than half the population.* The towns cling to the river-courses and the best seaports.



SYDNEY HARBOUR.

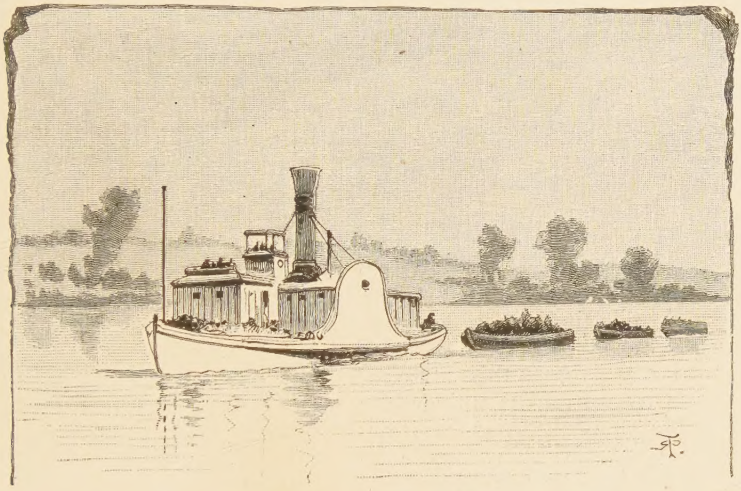
British imperial federation is favoured by the best minds in Australia. Victoria is the determined advocate of Australian confederation. New South Wales, as yet, has treated this great proposal with much coolness. It is to be devoutly hoped that such wisdom will preside over the political, educational, and religious counsels of the British Empire that the mother islands and Aus-

* The following figures are given in Macmillan's "Statesman's Year Book" for 1894: Melbourne, 490 000; Sydney, 411,710; Adelaide, 136,766; Brisbane, 93,000.

tralasia may belong to one political organization as long as Ursa Major and the Southern Cross belong to one sky !

It must be confessed, says Dr. Bowman Stevenson, that at some points, Victorian life is not quite a reproduction of English. Sometimes the difference indicates an improvement, in some a deterioration. In the matter of education, for example, there is much that is very admirable, yet some things very deplorable. The importance of instruction is recognized on all hands, and very liberal provision is made for it at the public cost. A magnificent expanse in the centre of the city was long ago allotted to university purposes. A part of this is devoted to the university proper, and a noble site is granted to each of the four principal denominations for an affiliated college. A wealthy colonist, Sir Samuel Wilson, has erected a noble hall for examination and other purposes, at a cost of about forty thousand pounds. The curriculum is said to equal that of London, and there need be no doubt that in future the Melbourne university will be a great and honourable institution.

The worst feature of the Victorian system is its offensive secularism. It is not only irreligious, it is anti-religious, at least so far as the influence of the Ministry of Education can make it so. No religious services are permitted in the schools, and the Bible is strictly excluded. And more still, at the bidding of Jewish or infidel parties in the electorate, all passages which in any sense recognize Christ Jesus as worthy of reverence are expunged from the reading-books. Some of our finest poetry has been murdered at the bidding of this worse than heathen vandalism, in order that such words as "Christ" and "Christian" may not be heard within the State school walls. I have no doubt that, in spite of the regulations of the department, many Christian men and women amongst the teachers exercise an admirable influence upon their scholars, but they do it in spite of the system, not in pursuance of it. So far as the Government is concerned, all is done to secure that



ON THE MURRAY RIVER.

a child shall be able to pass through the whole of its school course without suspecting any such thing as Christianity ever existed on the planet.

The slavery of the Government to the Roman Catholic electors leads them to treat history as their slavery to the infidel and Jewish electors leads them to treat religion. English history is tabooed, for obvious reasons, and so the youth of Victoria are being brought up in entire ignorance of the history of the nation from which they have sprung. The landing at Botany Bay is the dawn of history to them, and their legislators seem to think that an intelligent and self-respecting English community can be reared, to whom Hastings, Runnymede, Crecy, Naseby, the Boyne, and Waterloo, have no meaning whatever! Happy, indeed, far happier than their truest friends can hope, will the Victorian people be, if they do not find this policy one day bearing bitter fruit. It is right to say that this state of things is by no means universally approved. A vigorous and organized effort is being made to remove the ban on the Bible, and if this succeeds, it may perhaps be hoped that in other respects the system may be redeemed from some of its present narrowness and bigotry.

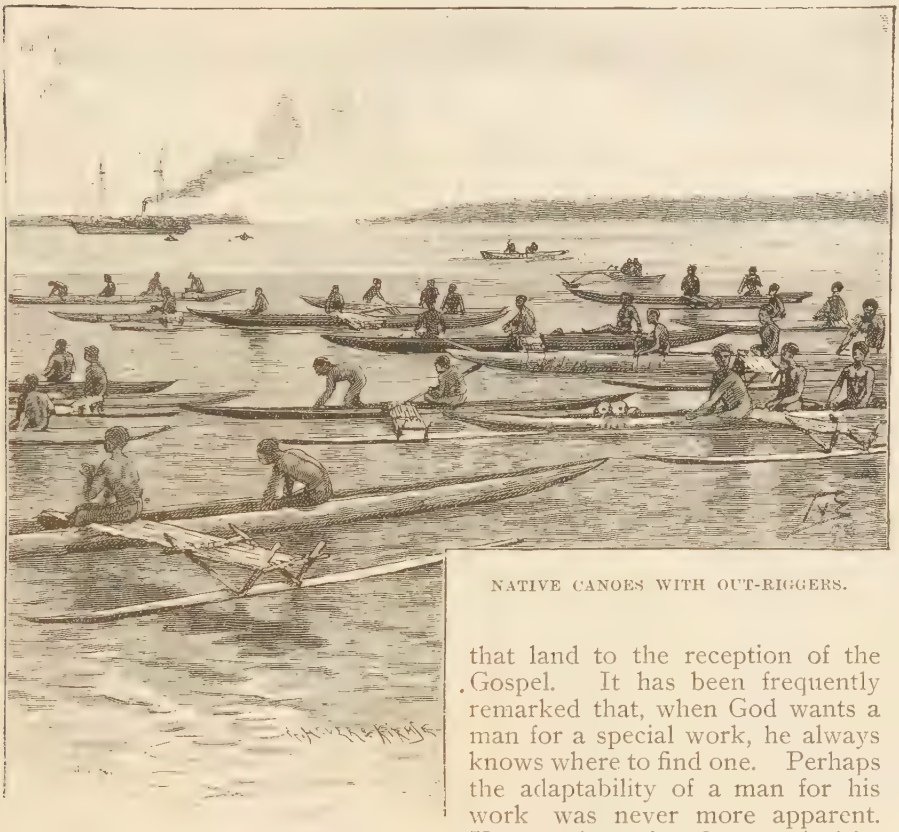
In one of the pretty parks which adorn Sydney may be seen a statue which will certainly challenge the attention of the visitor. It is the figure of a seaman, dressed in the costume of the last century. He is looking over the houses which cover the sloping ground before him, and across the blue waters of the most beautiful harbour in the world, to a point where, in a wall of rocks, there is an opening so sharply defined on either side that it seems as though nature had herself built two mighty posts, on which to hang the huge doors of some Titanic prison. As he looks towards this, the entrance to the harbour, he stretches out his hand as though in greeting to the voyager who, after crossing vast seas, has come hither to establish a new home. The idea of that statue was a happy inspiration. For who is so well entitled to give a representative welcome to all newcomers as Captain Cook, the dauntless explorer.

To devote such a place to such a purpose must have seemed, to the few who then knew it, a satire on nature. One of the loveliest spots on the face of the earth was turned into a sort of terrestrial hell, for the confinement and punishment of the most daring and desperate criminals. It only added to the horror, that some of those who were transported thither were sinners of a much milder type—not a few of them victims to a savage code, which public opinion would not now tolerate for a moment. No wonder that of the convicts some became desperate, many mutinous, not a few murderers; whilst others, succeeding in escaping the rifle of the sentries, became bush-rangers, and opened a new and horrible chapter in the annals of English life, matchless for ferocity, cruelty and courage, except amongst the brigands of Italy or Greece.

Almost all traces of that state of things have long since passed away. Some excellent roads and other public works, some romantic and horrifying legends, and, thank God, some beautiful facts of moral reformation and subsequent prosperity and respectability, are all that remain of those former, but not better days. To-day, Sydney, seated queenlike on the shore of her beautiful harbour, is the capital of the widest and wealthiest of the Australian colonies.

"PIONEER LIFE AND WORK IN NEW GUINEA."*

BY THE REV. W. J. KIRBY.



NATIVE CANOES WITH OUT-RIGGERS.

"In 1877, the Rev. James Chalmers joined the New Guinea Mission, and his arrival formed an epoch in its history." These words form the first sentence of the preface in a book bearing the title: "Pioneer Life and Work in New Guinea. By the Rev. James Chalmers." This is a book of thrilling experience in opening up that land to the reception of the Gospel. It has been frequently remarked that, when God wants a man for a special work, he always knows where to find one. Perhaps the adaptability of a man for his work was never more apparent. He was born in 1841, at Ardrishaig, on Loch Fyne. His mother was a handsome Highland lassie, whose dark, expressive eyes, fine features, energetic movements and loving disposition are all reproduced in her son. When reading the records of his life, we are prepared for the statement that he was "a lively boy, full of mirth and fun," for even under some of the most thrilling and dangerous experiences, some expression of humour drops from his pen. Nor are we less prepared for the exploits and marked bravery of his after life, when we read: "He

* "James Chalmers, Missionary and Explorer." By William Robson. Publishers, S. W. Partridge & Co., 9 Paternoster Row, London, Eng. Price, 1s. 6d.

"Pioneer Life and Work in New Guinea. James Chalmers." Religious Tract Society, London, England. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

was leader in all school sports, and had a natural ambition to excel in deeds of daring." So irrespressible was his love of fun that his mother was in constant fear when he was out of her sight. Twice was he taken home to all appearance drowned, and when but a stripling he saved four lives from drowning.

Once we read that his courage failed him. When sixteen years of age, he arranged with two other lads to run away to sea. But when the appointed time came, his little bundle ready, the thought of his mother's broken heart troubled him, so that while the others went, James decided to stay home.

The first impressions of a religious and missionary character were made upon his mind in the Sunday-school. During an address on mission work, the question was asked, "I wonder if there is any lad here who will yet become a missionary. Is there one who will go to the heathen and to savages, and tell them of God and his love?" Inwardly, Chalmers said, "I will," and on his way home he knelt behind a stone wall and vowed to love Christ. These impressions were not lasting, but in 1859, two young men from the north of Iceland, labouring as evangelists in Inveraray, reached his young heart, and he was brought into the greatest spiritual anxiety, and received the peace he had so long desired.

TEMPLE MADE OF LARGE CANOE ON PILES.

He soon united with the Church, became a teacher in the Sunday-school, and engaged in evangelistic work. He laboured in the Greyfriars United Presbyterian Church under Dr. Calderwood, as a city missionary; his Bible-class had 130 members. It was while thus engaged, that his vow when a boy was brought to mind, and through the advice of the

Rev. Dr. Turner, of Samoa, he applied to the London Missionary Society for employment in the mission field. He was accepted and entered Cheshunt College to prepare for his work. Although he was anxious to go to Africa, the London Missionary Society appointed him to Raratonga, and soon his soul was thrilled with enthusiasm for work in the South Sea Islands.

One who played an important part in the work of Mr. Chalmers, was Miss Jane Herens, a lady possessed of considerable gifts and graces, who became his wife, and proved as brave as her husband in time of trial. In January, 1866, they embarked on board the missionary ship, "John Williams," for the voyage to the South Seas. After a seven months' voyage, they arrived at Raratonga, and began their labours with enthusiasm.

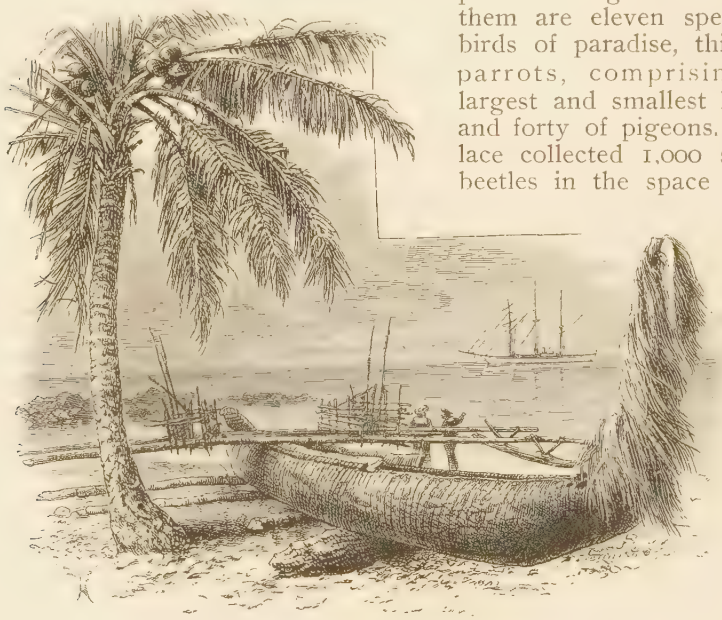
The ten years' labour in Raratonga were years of many treats and joys, and many successes also. Stone houses had indeed been built, but the people preferred their own reed huts; even the chief had a fine stone house of five rooms, but dwelt in his reed cottage. Their ideas of civilization were not far advanced. "Some possessed a bedstead, and one or two chairs, perhaps a sofa; others a few plates and small basins, a spoon, and two or three knives and forks, but these things were treated as some people use their drawing-room furniture and ornaments, they clung to their old habits, and used leaves for plates, cocoa-nut shells for cups, and their fingers for conveying all food to the mouth." Yet very often the desire within these people was strong to be like the white man—and ludicrous indeed were some of their attempts to imitate him. Sometimes they would put on a pair of boots, and their efforts to use them would provoke the most serious to laughter. "They would catch hold of a chair or something to give themselves a start, and then roll about like a child tottering in its first efforts to walk." They sometimes compromised by wearing only one boot at a time.

A NATIVE VILLAGE AND TREE HOUSES, NEW GUINEA.

Yet even amongst such, there were some beautiful Christian characters, and the power of the Gospel was seen in the noble lives and glorious deaths of some who had yielded themselves to Christ. One of these, Tapairu-arki, called by many, "The mother of the Word of God," died in 1881, at about the

age of 85, having lived to see her descendants of the fifth generation. In early life she had eaten human flesh, and her history was truly a strange one, when the darkness and cruelty of its dawn is contrasted with the light and peace of its close. "Do not detain me by your prayers," she said, "and kind wishes. Let me go quickly to the Saviour I have loved so long."

We would gladly linger amid the interesting records of these years of labour, but we must hasten to look at the work which has brought Mr. Chalmers so prominently before the Christian world. After ten years of labour in Raratonga, these noble workers were transferred to New Guinea, to commence work amongst a people who had never seen a white man, and had never heard of Jesus.



NATIVE CANOE WITH OUT-RIGGER, NEW GUINEA.

New Guinea is, with the exception of Australia, and possibly Borneo, the largest island in the world—1,500 miles long, by 400 wide. It is less known to civilized man than any other region of equal extent on the earth. No European has ever been allowed to advance more than a few miles into the interior. The Dutch claim possession of a part of the country, but have accomplished little in the way of trade or settlement.

According to Wallace, its birds are more numerous and more beautiful than those of any other part of the globe. Among them are eleven species of birds of paradise, thirty of parrots, comprising the largest and smallest known, and forty of pigeons. Wallace collected 1,000 sort of beetles in the space of one mile square. Indeed, New Guinea is the paradise of naturalists. Its flora and fauna being of the greatest luxuriance and variety. In the tropical mangrove forests the most prolific animal and vegetable life abounds. The natives belong to the Papuan race. They are of a sooty-brown or black complexion, with crisp hair growing in tufts. They are intellectually superior to the Malays, but are inferior in civilization. They have but two domestic animals—the

hog and the dog. Their huts are built on poles on the banks of the rivers, like the ancient lake dwellings of Europe. They are often one hundred feet long and used as common, not as individual houses. The explorations of the missionaries and triumphs of the Gospel bid fair to be the pioneers of civilization in these dark lands as they have in many others.

How this island came under under Christian training is an interesting story, but too long for us to deal with in this paper. In 1874, Mr. J. and Mrs. Lawes, with their son, Charles, settled at Port Moresby, the only white people on the whole of New Guinea, and with a few teachers, claimed it for Christ our King. In 1877, Mr. Chalmers and Mr. McFarlane visited the island for the purpose of exploring the coast, and settling teachers.

One night they anchored off Killerton Island. There was great excitement ashore, lights were moving about in all directions. In the morning two boys ventured alongside on a catamaran, and got a present and went shouting ashore. They were soon surrounded by natives, who brought their curios to barter for beads, red cloth, and the much valued hoop-iron. The teachers were taken ashore and their goods carried by the natives. One man kept near them all day, and considered himself well dressed, with a pair of trousers, minus a leg. "He fastened the body of the trousers round his head, and let the leg fall gracefully down his back." The missionaries went ashore to hold a service with the teachers. About 600 natives were there, and all round the outside of the crowd were men armed with spears and clubs. When the first hymn was being sung, a number of women and children got up and ran away into the bush. After a short service the missionaries sat down and sang hymns, which seemed to amuse the natives greatly.

At the south-west point, the house in which the teachers were to live, was one in which the chief, a great man of the place, also lived. The partition between them was only two feet high, and skulls, shells and cocoanuts were hanging all over the house. The skulls were those of enemies whom the chief and his people had killed and eaten. On the wall was also a very large collection of human bones.

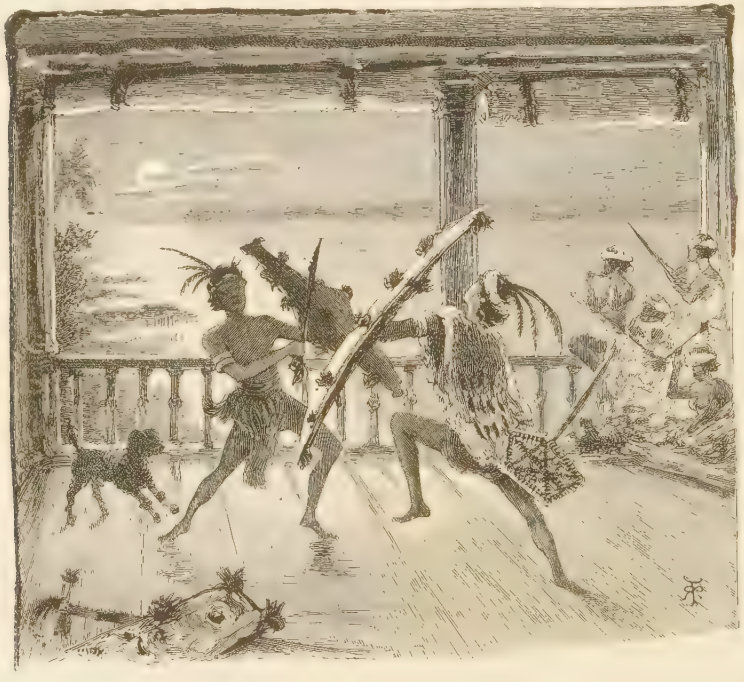
It was a settled point with Mr. Chalmers to reach these people in some better way than by alarming them with firearms. An axe had been stolen and could not be found. At last, a native discovered it buried in the sand, evidently hidden until a favourable opportunity to carry it away. The teacher who lost the axe ran off for his gun, when Mr. Chalmers ordered him to put it away, saying, "If we cannot live amongst the natives without arms, we had better remain at home; and if I see arms used again, for anything except birds or the like, I shall have the whole of them thrown into the sea."

Of the natives of south-eastern New Guinea, it is said they seem to have no kind of worship, and very few sports. The children swing, bathe, and sail small canoes. The grown-up people have their dance, which Mr. Chalmers calls "a very poor sort of thing."

A calm Christian bravery was manifested on one occasion in a marvellous way by Mrs. Chalmers. We quote: "One day, soon after this, Mr. Chalmers was absent on the mainland. A great noise was heard from the village, and those at the mission house learned that a fight was going on. Away ran Mrs. Chalmers down

the hill, and along the village street, into the midst of the combatants. Seizing the chiefs' spears, she made them lower them. Then, turning to the people, she begged and entreated them to desist. Savages can appreciate courage as keenly as anyone. Every spear dropped. But she would not leave them. The entreaties were renewed that peace should be made; and out of respect to this fearless woman, these grim cannibals sat down, and there and then made peace."

This noble lady, so full of zeal and love for God and the souls of the heathen, did not live long amongst them to tell them of the love of God to sinners. Her health giving way under the strain of the work and climate, she went to her friends in Sydney, and on the 20th of February, 1879, with the prophetic words upon her dying lips, "More light," she passed to the realms of eternal day. Not only her friends mourned her death, but it is said "the cannibals of New Guinea shed tears in sincere sorrow." Mr. Chalmers was on his way home, when he took up a newspaper and saw the heading, "The death of a noble woman," which was the first announcement of the death of his beloved wife.



DYAK DANCE.

After the return of Mr. Chalmers to his field of toil, he continued his work of exploration, and was the first white man ever seen by the natives of a large number of villages visited. In his own inimitable way, and with soul-stirring interest, he has told the story of his visits. One experience is well worth recording. "It was a beautiful morning, a fine land breeze and a smooth sea, little surf on the beach, and

our small colony all alive long before daylight. A hurried breakfast, and soon it is, 'Launch the boat, and let us away.' For the first time, Maiva natives are to act as crew; only one Motu native accompanies us. It was delightful sailing along the coast, light wind, and two oars out. About 11 a.m. we were off the first western village, where no white face had ever been seen. Getting through the surf, we struck on a bank, where we were met by the natives. Just beyond was another sheet of water, then the shore. Anxious that Mrs. Lawes should have the satisfaction of being the first to land among these pirates and murderers, and on this part of the coast, a teacher on board picked her up and attempted to carry her from the boat to the shore, but misjudging her weight, he was compelled to let her down in about three feet of water, when she waded ashore, the first to land among these savages.

"What a reception! Men, women, and children gathered around; all are talking and shouting; a number come off to help us into the lagoon, and soon we are all received in grand style; our boat is caught up, and away they walk with her, far beyond high-water mark, into the bush. What boots it now? We are entirely in their hands, and away we go. They carry our goods to the village, a miserable collection of houses, even for New Guinea. There was one large temple. When Mrs. Lawes saw it, she said, 'I cannot go there. You do not expect me to ascend that ladder to such a height?' It was a house 70 feet long, and 20 feet broad,

NATIVE PILE DWELLINGS.

built on posts 18 feet from the ground; in front a large entrance or platform, in shape like a crocodile's mouth, under jaw—platform, upper jaw—shade. Ah, dear lady, and what now? No weapons of any kind, and a crowd of excited savages all round, all urging ascent. Rungs are about two and a half feet apart, and made for more nimble legs. Here goes; and we climb. Not nearly so bad as was anticipated. The place is clean, and is at once handed over to us. I was never here before, yet I am an old friend."

I will close with an account of a visit to Motumotu, in which Mr. Chalmers says :

"We arrived before sundown, and were in time to see one of the most interesting and fairy-like sights I have ever witnessed in New Guinea. When some distance from the village, we heard drums beating, and knew a dance was on. A thorough fancy dress ball, the beginning of a series, was being held. From the child of four years to the young man and maiden of eighteen or twenty, all were happy and terribly in earnest. Every head was wonderfully cropped; their faces were painted with many colours, variegated leaves hung from their arms, waist, and legs."

From people of such strange habits and customs, people of such warlike, unfriendly dispositions, he, who was familiarly known and loved as "Tamate," was the means, in God's hands, of leading hundreds to the One who is the Prince of Peace. In a few years after his first visits, he returns to the various places where faithful teachers had been left, and after examination, found numbers of them ready for Christian baptism. Some became in turn faithful workers amongst their own tribes and peoples, and when facing the great unknown, could look out with joy to the prospect of meeting Him who died for them, and brought peace and pardon to their hearts.

No adequate idea of the great work done by Mr. Chalmers and his fellow-workers can be gathered from this sketch, but it may induce the lover of mission work to purchase and read the books which record it, that they may become more interested in the royal commission of the Master, "Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," or to find unquestioned evidence of the statement of St. Paul, that the Gospel is "the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth."

As a result of the arduous and incessant toil of the Rev. James Chalmers, colleagues and teachers, three important things were effected in New Guinea. First, the opening up of the country and a more correct geographical survey; together with a more exact knowledge of the natives themselves, how they looked, spoke, thought, and acted. The Government of Victoria voted £2,000 for exploration in New Guinea, with the express desire that Mr. Chalmers should undertake it. But he never lost sight of the chief object he had in mind, the settling of Christian teachers, and the leading of the natives to a knowledge of the Prince of Peace.

Travelling in a mountainous country, with goods to carry, is too much for Europeans. How Chalmers and his party envied travellers in Africa, with 200 or 300 bearers. The difficulty of carrying has prevented New Guinea being more fully explored. At a large village, they saw a woman wearing a necklace made of all the bones of her deceased child, as a mark of affection. In

one tour they travelled over 500 miles, and climbed more than 40,000 feet.

It was during one of Mr. Chalmers' exploration trips to see his friend Oa, that he met at Namoa, "for the first time in New Guinea," a real chieftainess, and a perfect Amazon. "Koloka ruled both her husband and the people." She was about twenty years of age, and her husband two years older. A "full dress" was sent to her. As she expressed herself, when a teacher was settled amongst her followers, she was "all same as Vitoria." Her husband told Mr. Chalmers in great confidence, that he had to pay an enormous sum for Koloka —viz., ten arm shells, three pearl shells, two strings of dogs' teeth, several hundreds of cocoanuts, a large quantity of yams, and two pigs.

While placing teachers among his "wild favourites," he received a letter stating that Commissioner Romilly, instructed by the British Government, had hoisted the British flag, and proclaimed a Protectorate over the unannexed part of New Guinea. How valuable he was in connection with this mission, going from place to place with the war vessels, Nelson, Swinger, Espiegle, Dart, is clearly shown.

RETURN OF THE HEAD HUNTER.

After the failure of four expeditions up the Fly River, Mr. Chalmers undertook this task, not wishing to return to Britain and leave the tribes unvisited and unfriendly. He made many visits among tribes who had to be bought, often, by presents, into

friendly relations, and held many services, speaking into the ears of savages for the first time in their lives the wonderful words of love.

The second effect of great importance was the reconciliation of warlike tribes. Everywhere these teachers went, they ever declared themselves for peace. The wonderful power of this man is seen in the influence he had with tribes when fighting, and how, by his courageous methods, he induced them to drop their instruments of warfare, and join in a feast of peace. Instead of going from place to place to fight, they went to trade and barter.

The third result which followed this work in New Guinea was that of bringing the savage tribes to the Prince of Peace. The conversion of souls was the object in view in all this work. And was that in any degree accomplished? In 1877, Mr. Chalmers began work in New Guinea, and on January 5, 1881, we read, "The new church at Port Moresby was opened, and the first three New Guinea converts were baptized." Mr. Chalmers was very careful not to baptize unless he first thoroughly examined them, and had evidence of a true change. For several years there have been no cannibal ovens, no desire for skulls. Tribes that could not formerly meet but to fight, now meet as friends, and sit side by side in the same house, worshipping the true God.

The latest returns for the mission, given by the Rev. Dr. Steel, are as follows: Five European stations, under six missionaries; there are eighty other stations. Fifty native teachers from Christian islands of Polynesia, and thirty native teachers of New Guinea. There are 500 church members—baptized on profession of faith in Christ. There are 3,000 in attendance at the schools, and, besides the New Testament, printed in the Motu language, Gospels and portions of Scripture have been printed in five other dialects. Nearly all of the 200 hymns in the Motu dialect were translated by Mr. Chalmers. Besides this mission by the London Missionary Society, the Wesleyans have in New Guinea four ordained missionaries, one lay, two lady missionaries, twenty-six teachers, and one local preacher. They have eight churches, forty-four communicants, eight schools, 240 scholars, and an attendance on public worship, 5,790.

The Rev. Mr. Chalmers is still living, and working for this people, and being a humble servant of Jesus, earnestly requests that nothing be said in praise of his work.

Charlottetown, P.E.I.

"I HAVE CALLED YOU FRIENDS."

BY A. B. GIDDINGS.

Oh! word of meaning holy,
My raptured ear attends!
For hearts bereft and lowly,
"Lo! I have called you friends!"

Thou in whose wondrous being,
The God with manhood blends,
All knowing, and all seeing,
Even thou hast called us friends!

Borne down with human weakness,
And sense of sinful ways,
Our hearts would fain with meekness
Accept the servants' place.

But while that pity seeking,
Which Thy compassion lends,
We hear Thee gently speaking,
"Lo! I have called you friends!"

Oh! joy of walk in union!
Till life's rough journey ends;
Oh! wonderful communion!
That Thou should call us friends!

DANTE.*

STATUE OF DANTE, FLORENCE.

Tuscan, that wanderest through the realms of gloom,
With thoughtful pace, and sad, majestic eyes,
Stern thoughts and awful from thy soul arise,
Like Farinata from his fiery tomb.
Thy sacred song is like the trump of doom;
Yet in thy heart what human sympathies,
What soft compassion glows, as in the skies
The tender stars their clouded lamps relume;
Methinks I see thee stand, with pallid cheeks,
By Fra Hilario in his diocese,
As up the convent walls, in golden streaks,
The ascending sunbeams mark the day's decrease;
And as he asks what there the stranger seeks,
Thy voice along the cloister whispers "Peace!"

—*Longfellow.*

The power of the human mind was never more forcibly demonstrated, in its most exquisite masterpieces, than in the poem of Dante. Without a prototype in any existing language, equally novel in its various parts, and in the combination of the whole, it stands alone, as the first monument of modern genius, the first great work which appeared in the reviving literature of Europe. It possesses unity of design and of execution; and bears the visible impress of a mighty genius.

Dante was born in Florence, in 1265, of the noble and distinguished family of the Alighieri, which was attached, in politics, to the party of the Guelphs. The condition of Italy at Dante's birth was almost intolerable. Every city was torn by factions. The arts had progressed, commerce had enriched the great merchants, learning was reverenced and sought after, Christianity had become part of the life of the people, and its glories shone everywhere; but there were many who rebelled, not against its teachings, but against its practices. The soft-coated leopard and the cunning she-wolf are the symbols by which Dante typifies, in the introduction to the Inferno, the besetting sins of Italian life. These symbolized lust and avarice.

The mother of Dante devoted herself to the education of her son. She determined that if he was so fortunate as to have a thirst for knowledge, he should know the springs from which he could slake it. And she soon found that Dante panted after it as the hart pants for the fresh fountains. He attended the great universities of Padua and Bologna, and he even went to Paris and Oxford. He learned grammar, rhetoric, dialectics, arithmetic, geometry, music, alchemy or chemistry, and astronomy; he learned Latin, but little Greek; he perfected himself

* Compiled chiefly from Professor Sismondi's "Lectures on Dante," Mrs. Oliphant's "Makers of Florence," and Prof. Maurice Egan's "Studies of Dante."—ED.

in the philosophy and the theology of St. Thomas Aquinas, which was the sum of all philosophy and theology. He read many times Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Statius, and the other great poets of Rome. Whilst yet very young, he formed a strong attachment to Beatrice, the daughter of Folco De' Portinari. Dante tells us in the Vita Nuova how he met her. It was in May, 1274. She was a little girl, entering her ninth year, and she wore a dress of red—the colour sacred to the Holy Ghost. He was charmed by her modest and gentle look, her exalted piety and her sweetness, which seemed to him angelic. She did not speak to him or he to her. But she ever afterwards remained to him as the model of high virtues, so great is the power of holiness over all that comes near it. He saw her again nine years later, and so exalted did she seem, as she courteously saluted him, that he wrote his first sonnet in her honour. He seldom saw her again; she died at the age of twenty-four.

Throughout his future life, he preserved a faithful recollection of the passion, which, during fifteen years, had essentially contributed to the happy development of his feelings, and which was thus associated with all his noblest sentiments and his most elevated thoughts. It was, probably, about ten years after the death of Beatrice, when Dante commenced his great work, which occupied him during the remainder of his life, and in which he assigned the most conspicuous station to the woman whom he had so tenderly loved. In this object of his adoration, he found a common point of union for images both human and divine; and the Beatrice of his Paradise appears to us sometimes in the character of the most beloved of her sex, and sometimes as an abstract emblem of celestial wisdom.

Far from considering the passion of love in the same light as ancients, the father of modern poetry recognizes it as a pure, elevated, and sacred sentiment, calculated to ennoble and to sanctify the soul; and he has never been surpassed, by any who have succeeded him, in his entire and affecting devotion to the object of his attachment.

Never were the varying moods of the tender passion so delicately analysed and pictured as in the Vita Nuova. "Not a harsh thought; not an evil impulse; not a stir of jealousy, nor look of envy; nothing that is not as pure and sweet as it is visionary, is in the fantastic-delicious record."

Dante praises his mother, and then Beatrice; but above all, the Blessed Lady. It is to the influence of holy womanhood that he owes all that is great in himself, and he is never tired of proclaiming the truth.

After the death of Beatrice, Dante was induced by considerations of family convenience, to marry Gemma De' Donati, whose obstinate and violent disposition imbittered his domestic life. It is remarkable that, in the whole course of his work, into which he introduces the whole universe, he makes no personal allusion to his wife. He was actuated, no doubt, by motives of delicacy towards her and her family, when he passed over, in similar silence, Corso Donati, the leader of the faction of his enemies, and his own most formidable adversary. In the battle of Campaldino, in 1289, Dante bore arms for his country against the Aretini, and also against the Pisans, in the campaign of 1290.

The two great factions of Italy were the Guelphs and the Ghibel-

lines. Dante was really neither a Guelph nor a Ghibelline, though he was apparently attached to both parties at different times. He was willing to accept any party based on Christian principles which would bring peace to Italy. The Guelphs were looked upon as the party of the Pope; the Ghibellines as that of the Emperor. The ideal government of Dante was one on which the Pope and the Emperor should rule the world together, the Church filling the State with the spirit of charity, and the State fostering the people, informed by the gifts of the Holy Ghost.

TOMB OF DANTE, RAVENNA.

Dante's exile came about because he too hotly struggled for

the idea of government just referred to. The Florentines, particularly that faction of the Guelphs called the Neri, or Blacks, found him fanatical, and while he was absent on a mission to Pope Boniface VIII., the gates of the beloved city, "beautiful Florence," were closed against him. Thenceforth he was doomed to eat the bitter bread of exile. Never again should he join the gay festivals, or sit and cap sonnets with the brilliant group of friends who made a circle famous in all Italy. Never again was he to see his wife, Gemma Donati, who was shut within the gates. Later his sons joined him in exile. He travelled from place to place, the greatest poet the world ever saw; a theologian so subtle that he was put, without remonstrance, by an enthusiastic painter, among the Doctors of the Church; a sage, almost a prophet, and yet, like Homer, he was dependent on others for his bread. He wandered from court to court for two-score years, now at Padua, then at Bologna; now at Verona, again at Ravenna.

The last blow he received was the worst of all. Florence the beautiful, Florence the beloved, would not receive him within its gates, except under the most humiliating conditions. With these he refused to comply. In 1321, he was sent by Ravenna as Ambassador to Venice. The Venetians would not receive him, and he went back to the last city of his exile to die. His death took place on the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, "after he had received," says Boccaccio, "all the last Holy Sacraments according to the rites of the Church."

The sombre cast of genius, not unmixed with lofty disdain, which his portrait and poem indicate, is fully explained by his life, the last two decades of which were spent in miserable exile. Nothing is more striking than the passion of affection which Florence breathed into all her children. For them the fair city was invested with personality and life, and absence from her was absence from the desire of their eyes. To make her beautiful and rich was the object for which poet, and artist, and ruler alike lived.

One feature of our days, for which we may be thankful, is the absence of political banishment, so general a few centuries back, The exile is almost of necessity a schemer and conspirator; the sense of personal injustice blunts his sense of right; his associations are often low; and, however noble in himself, he is too often dragged down to the level of worse companions in suffering. Ancient States did not seem to see that in banishing great men they put the most dangerous tools into the hands of enemies. Dante felt keenly the unworthy associations into which he was thrown.

It must not be overlooked that Dante's immortal poem is largely autobiographical. The characters he delineates are those of his own age, often personal enemies and friends. The scenes he paints are the Italian ones he saw in his wanderings. The loves and hates, the defeats and exultations of Florence and Italy, are transferred to the plains of the after-world.

On the death of her great poet, all Italy appeared to go into mourning. On every side, copies of his work were multiplied, and enriched with numerous commentaries. Two professorships were instituted for the purpose of expounding them. It is questionable whether any other man ever exercised so undisputed an authority, and so direct an influence, over the age immediately succeeding his own.

So wide was the fame of Dante, even while he lived, that once a peasant woman, seeing him pass, said to her neighbour: "There is he who has gone down to hell to bring messages to those above."

"One would know it to look at him," answered her neighbour, "for the fires have bronzed his cheeks and crisped his hair."

In meditating on Dante's life we shall see that out of his apparent failure came his real success; out of his suffering, his greatest gain; for suffering—as we cannot learn too soon—has its ministry; it is the fire that burns away the earthly particles in us and leaves only the spirit. So it was with Dante. Out of his tribulations, out of his humiliations, arose that great Christian epic, the Divina Commedia.

Dante's mind was naturally noble, and while his countrymen turned towards the lighter lyrics and were influenced by the secular traditions of Italian poetry, Dante felt that St. Francis d'Assisi and the religious poets of the Franciscan Order were more to him than the whole band of writers of concetti, who made sonnets to their "mistresses' eyebrows," to be sung to the tinkling of the mandolin or guitar.

The Divina Commedia is very hard reading. It is not easily understood. To gets its inner meaning, you must profoundly study it. It yields its sweetness, like roses in the depths of a thorny and darkened forest, only to those who search. It is impossible here to do more than allude to the Inferno, which is the most interesting of the three parts of the great poem. It is full of symbolism, and some knowledge of this symbolism must be acquired before the poem can be studied with satisfaction. There was a real Beatrice Portinari, and after her death she became in Dante's mind the symbol of divine love and grace. The Divina Commedia consists of three visions—of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise. There is a literal meaning and an allegorical meaning. Dante, whom Raphael in the Disputa puts among the Doctors of the Church, was saturated with the allegorical meaning of the Scriptures; similarly, we find in his poems much that is allegorical. Dante himself is man; sin stops his way upward until Beatrice goes forth to rescue him. He sees hell in all its horrors by the light of divine knowledge and of reason, and turns affrighted from sin to be purified by purgatory, and finally led by Beatrice to heaven.

To study the Divina Commedia, to scan it line by line, to hunt out its historical allusions, to learn to appreciate its Christian teaching, is to gain an education such as the study of no other book, except the Bible, can give. We know how Dante looked, for his portraits are fine and authentic. We know his solemn, bay crowned head; his eyes that seem to have lost all human experience in profound peace.

It is not always easy to settle the position of a poet among poets. If the sacred Scriptures were not directly inspired by God, they would still remain in the first place as poems of exalted splendour. Job and Isaiah are the greatest of all great poems, more sublime than Homer's and more human than Homer's; sublime as Dante's and greater than Dante's, only because the mystical touch of the fire of the Holy Spirit has touched them. After Job and Isaiah, I do not fear to put the Divina Commedia of Dante.

As a specimen of Dante's style we quote a few words from the beginning of his great poem.

At the close of the century, in the year 1300, and in the week of

Easter, Dante supposes himself to be wandering in the deserts near Jerusalem, and to be favoured with the means of access to the realm of shadows. He is there met by Virgil, the object of his incessant study and admiration, who takes upon himself the office of guide, and, who, by his own admirable description of the heathen hell, seems to have acquired a kind of right to reveal the mysteries of these forbidden regions. The two bards arrive at a gate, on which are inscribed these terrific words:

"Through me you pass into the city of woe;
Through me you pass into eternal pain:
Through me, among the people lost for aye.
Justice the founder of my fabric mov'd:
To rear me was the task of power divine,
Supremest wisdom, and primeval love.*
Before me things create were none, save things
Eternal, and eternal I endure.
All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

Per me si va citta dolente:
Per me si va nell' eterno dolore:
Per me si va tra la perduta gente.
Giustizia mosse 'l mio alto fattore:
Fece mi la divina potestate,
La somma sapienza e 'l primo amore.
Dinanzi a me non fur cose create
Se non eterne, ed io eterno duro.
Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch' entrate.

The tomb of the great poet Dante is situated in the decayed and almost deserted city of Ravenna, which was for so many years the scene of his exile. Above it is a relief portrait of the poet, surrounded by a border of black marble. The tomb and floor and columns are still decorated with fresh wreaths of laurel or of palm, showing the reverence in which his memory is held well-nigh six hundred years after his death.

Ravenna itself is a town "absolutely antique in its character and interests;" it is "the only town where we are met at every step by the works of Christian emperors, Gothic kings, and Byzantine exarchs. Of those strange and dark and unhappy centuries in which the Old World was shaped into the New, Ravenna has the monuments almost wholly to herself. It is well that there should be one spot from which the monuments of heathen Rome and mediaeval Christendom are alike absent, and where every relic breathes of the strange and almost forgotten time which comes between the two."

Of special interest is the church of St. Apollinare, shown in our engraving. It is one of the oldest churches in Christendom, and is the very first of those famous basilicas erected for Christian worship nearly a thousand years before most of the splendid Gothic cathedrals of England and the continent were dreamed of. The round tower, seven stories high, is probably the oldest church tower in the world. Like most of the Campanili, or bell towers of Italy, it is built entirely separate from the church.

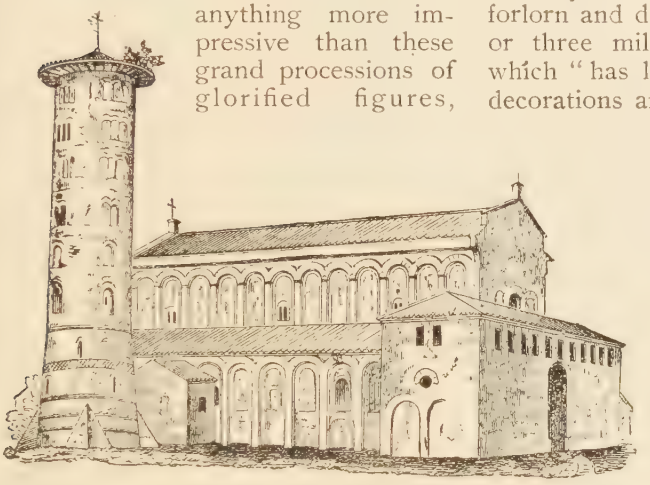
In its lonely solitude on the wide-spread plain, and in its strange contrast between the present and the past, this church is almost as impressive as the temple of Paestum. This fever-stricken fen once a busy sea-port town? Yes, for how else should so grand a pile have been built, where only a few peasants could be gathered to worship, or perchance once or twice in a year, pilgrims could come from the city to venerate the spot where one of its earliest martyrs received his crown?

Externally, the church is very plain, though a certain relief is given to the walls by a series of shallow arches, which are occasionally pierced for windows. The interior of these basilicas is, however, exceedingly impressive. In that of St. Apollinare Nuova, there runs a continuous band of

*The Three Persons of the blessed Trinity.

Mosaics, depicting a procession of saintly figures, probably seven or eight feet high. On the south side are men, on the north women; the women wear white robes adorned with gold, the men are mostly vested in an under-garment of white, with purple stripes, and an upper robe of white or brown. Each carries a crown, and between each is a palm-tree. The expression of the faces is remarkably varied; but it is always tender and placid.

Seldom have I seen anything more impressive than these grand processions of glorified figures,



CHURCH OF ST. APOLLINARE, RAVENNA.

which for some thirteen centuries have looked down with calm faces and peaceful eyes on the worshippers below, as they came and went, at last to their own place. Through times of festivity or of mourning, of triumph or of defeat, insensible alike to the sound of joy or the noise of war in the gate, the pictured forms of those who had fought the good fight have stood, fit emblems of the eternal peace which ends at last the hurly-burly of this transitory life.

For five-and-twenty miles along the Adriatic coast, in the neighbourhood of Ravenna, runs a sombre pine forest, which Dante describes in his time as "an immemorial wood." Its dense growth stretches on in melancholy majesty, which makes it one of the most impressive groves in Europe.

This picture certainly does not seem to possess any special attractions; even when we read the name, which puzzles us, and after a long hunt find it in an obscure corner of the article on "Architecture" in the Encyclopedia Britannica, we are not much edified by the description of "a forlorn and deserted building, two or three miles out of Ravenna, which "has lost almost all its old decorations and is merely painted in bad taste and in modern times."

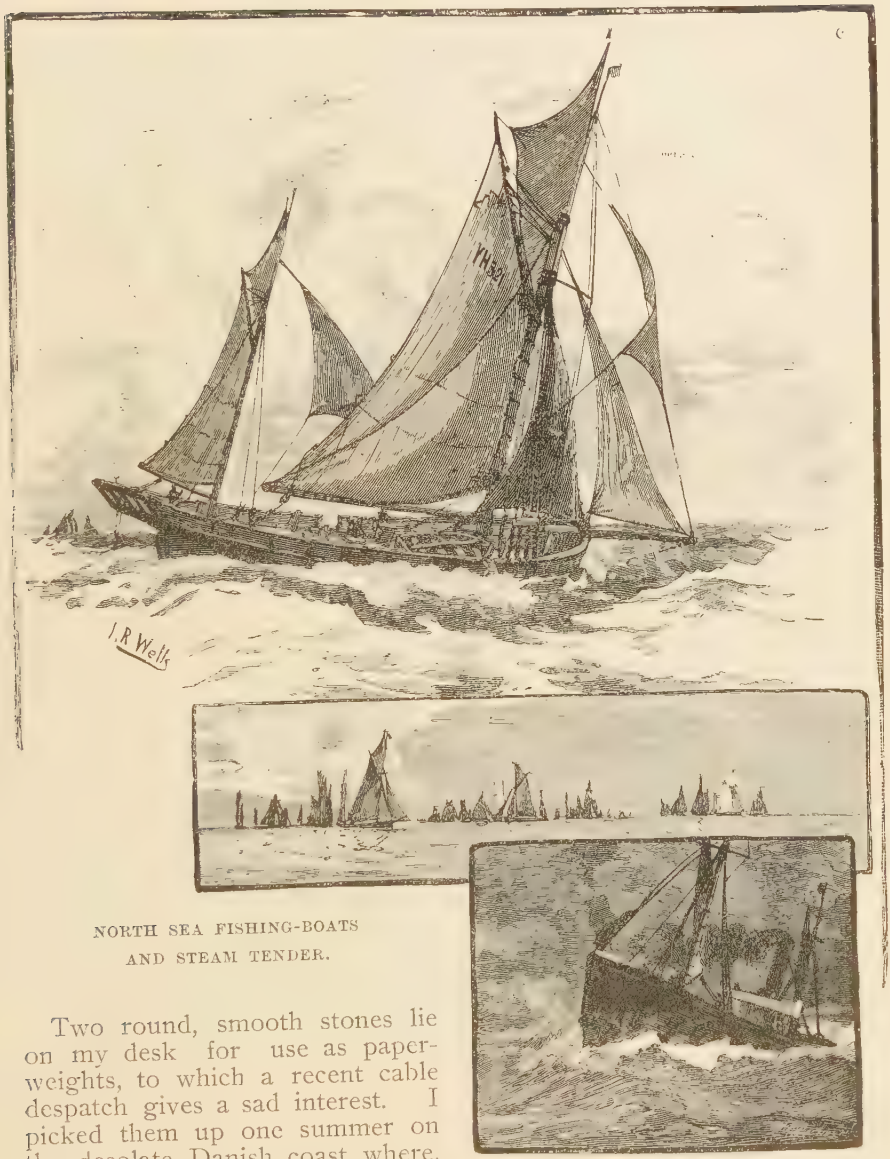
This venerable old church is, notwithstanding, one of the most interesting in the world. It exhibits the transition from the Roman to the Byzantine style of architecture, of which the most glorious example is the Church of Holy Wisdom in Constantinople. The arcades of the churches at Pisa, Siena and Padua exhibit a similar transition style.

Most of the churches in Italy present a very bare exterior, with blank walls and very few windows; but within they abound with lavish luxury—costly marbles, porphyry pillars, and on the altars richest decoration of gold and precious stones.

Classe is a small suburb of the Italian city Ravenna. The church in the illustration was built about A.D. 540, and named after St. Apollinare, who suffered martyrdom under Vespasian in the year 74—a little while after St. Paul's death.

THE DEEP SEA MISSION.

BY JACOB A. RIIS.



NORTH SEA FISHING-BOATS AND STEAM TENDER.

Two round, smooth stones lie on my desk for use as paper-weights, to which a recent cable despatch gives a sad interest. I picked them up one summer on the desolate Danish coast where, according to the despatch, 127 fishermen perished in the great storm that swept the North Sea. I learned something then of the hard life of these men. The coast itself told the story with terrible eloquence, for along the

sandy beach, upon which the surf beat even on that calm July day with voice of thunder, stood wreck upon wreck, and every few miles some great sand-dune was pointed out as a "dead man's mount," meaning that drowned sailors were buried there. The whole coast was one long, treacherous reef, with scarce two or three safe inlets in a stretch of a hundred miles or more for the fishing fleets that, with the salvage from wrecks, form the chief, indeed the only, dependence of the hardy shore-dwellers. Yet there are greater hardships on the North Sea than those endured by these fishermen. They, for the most part, fish independently, and bring home their daily or occasional catch. The English trawlers have reduced ocean fishing to a system which compels them to stay out on the deep for months together.

HOSPITAL BOAT.

Sometimes as many as two hundred sail together—fish in large fleets, fitted out by speculating firms on shore, which make the Dogger Bank, the Silver Pets, and

the other rich fishing-grounds yield them a handsome profit. Their smacks are larger than the Danish boats, from forty to eighty tons burden, and carry crews of from five to seven men, so that a fleet has as large a population as many a good-sized village—say from 1,200 to 1,400 men and boys, who labour in all kinds of weather, week in and week out, Sundays included, at their hard and dangerous calling, often two hundred miles from shore. Their fishing is done chiefly at night. The "Admiral," the most experienced and trusted skipper of the fleet, signals "trawls down" at sunset, and the great trawling-beam, with its huge scoop-net, is shot from the side of

HOMEWARD BOUND.

each smack in the fleet, which is going before the wind—rarely, indeed, less than a gale on this boisterous sea. The net scrapes the bottom, gathering into its huge pocket everything that comes in its way, until the signal-rocket from the Admiral's boat orders the crews to "haul in." Then all hands turn to with a will. The catch is drawn on board, and quickly sorted, cleaned, and packed. The early dawn warns the fishermen that it is time to get their boxes ready for transfer to the fishing-steamer.

Every morning these swift little vessels, specially constructed for their purpose, seek out the fleet and bring their catch to Billingsgate or Shadwell markets. The delivery of the boxes on board the steamer is a most dangerous business, if the sea suns high, in rough weather. A hundred boats and more are striving to be first at the rail. Collisions, with loss of life, occur frequently. It sometimes happens that a boat-crew, fish and all, is tossed upon the deck of the steamer, and never without some dire injury to some one or all on board.

It is not strange that the North Sea fishermen, separated from home, from their families, and from every refining, ennobling influence, ever battling with the treacherous sea, with storm and ice and biting cold, with opportunity for dissipation constantly held out, but never a helping hand, grew to a large extent into an abandoned, desperate lot of ruffians to whom nothing was sacred, and whose brief sojourn at home was too often a continuation of their wild orgies on board.

The opportunity at sea was furnished by the coper, a trading-smack, in fact a floating grog-shop, that followed the fleets wherever they went, offering the vilest of rum and worse abominations to their crews. The coper was very rarely an Englishman, for the reason that the chief attraction for the fishermen, the bait upon which they were caught, was cheap tobacco. Tobacco the fishermen will and must have. It is their one comforter in the bitter midnight watches on the heaving deck. To argue the point with them would be useless. They went to the copers for tobacco, and took the rum that was offered them. When their money gave out, the coper was willing to take their fish, tackle, anchor, sails, anything that could be turned into money. Beastly drunk, the crews turned thieves to satisfy their craving for more of the vile stuff. They would sell a trawling-rope worth £30 for half a dozen bottles of schnapps, worth perhaps a shilling a bottle. Numbers were drowned on their way back to their own smacks, or pitched each other overboard in their drunken fights. The scandal became so great that Parliament discussed ways and means of putting an end to it, and to the loss of life it caused every year on the sea.

Not by legislation, however, was this great evil to be overcome. It remained for the Christian conscience of the English people to be aroused to effectual battle with it. It is now twelve years since the Thames Church Mission, a river mission society, took the field against the coper by sending out a trawling-smack manned by a Christian crew to join the North Sea fishing fleets. The Ensign sailed in 1882 from Yarmouth quay, with the God-speed of a few, and the taunts and jeers of many, on its errand of mercy. It carried, besides its trawl, a well-stocked medicine-chest, a library of good, wholesome reading, lockers full of warm, woollen clothing, furnished by friends on shore, and a skipper who could not only

spread a poultice with his horny thumb, as well as any doctor, and set a broken bone, but who was not afraid to declare his trust in God rather than in the rum-flask, in and out of season.

did not come quickly! They did come. By the end of the following year, three fishing smacks were trawling and labouring with the fleets, and in 1884 a fourth was added. In that year the Mission

SIGNALLING THE FISHING BOAT.

It came as a revelation to the seamen out on the deep, and in a few brief months it had demonstrated that here was indeed a field whitening for the harvest—but what a harvest if the reapers to Deep-Sea Fishermen became an independent organization.

Within a year the opportunity came to these men to show that they were eminently the right men in the right place. In the battle

with the coper, who was the evil source of all the mischief, the odds were tremendously in his favour through his monopoly of cheap tobacco. The Board of Customs had refused to allow the Mission to take tobacco out of bond, and the duty was practically prohibitive. The managers decided that between satisfying the custom and doing their duty to the fishermen, the latter had the greater claim. In effect they became smugglers. They arranged with a Bristol firm to export the tobacco they needed to Ostend, then ran their smacks over there to get it. By this means they were enabled to undersell the coper and to drive him from the sea. The sincerity of the fishermen who said, "We don't want his rum; we do want his tobacco," was proved. The Government looked on, but did not interfere. When it tardily gave its consent, the enemy had been already beaten along the whole line.

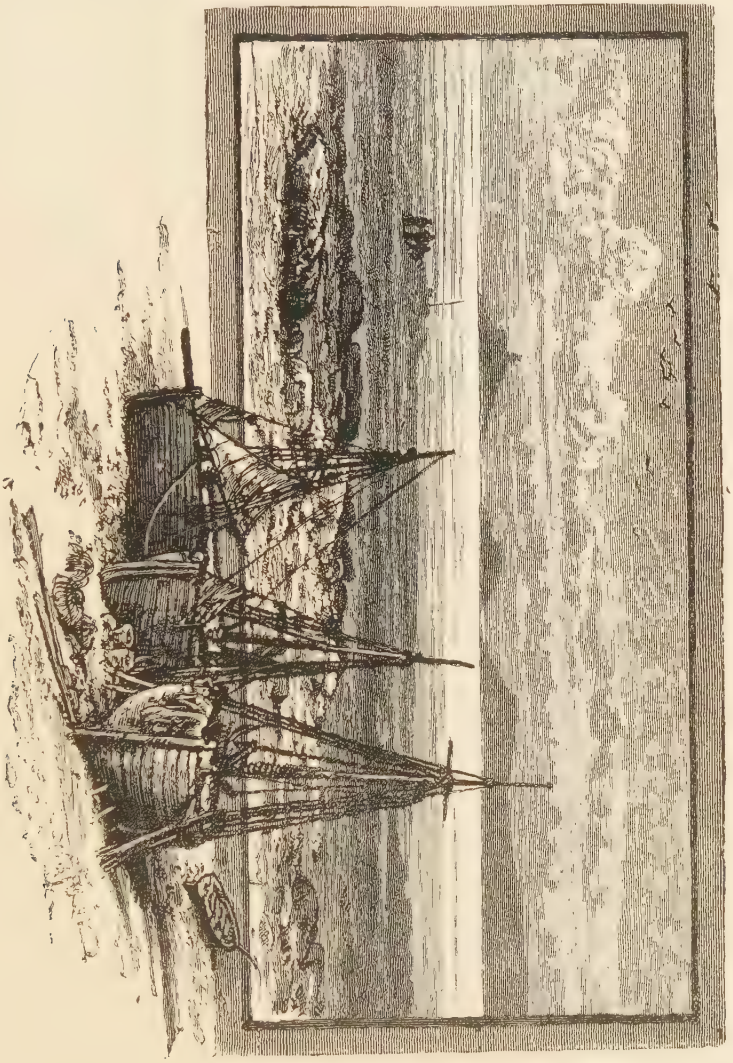
To-day there is not a coper on the North Sea where a smack flying the blue flag of the Deep-Sea Mission fishes with a fleet. With the banishment of this curse, drunkenness among the crews has disappeared. They bring their earnings ashore, and many a family that formerly dreaded the coming home of the bread-winner as a time of trial, has been made happy and comfortable. The loss of life on the North Sea is not nearly as great as it was. Some of the roughest fishermen, who once bore the reputation of being champion brawlers and drunkards, are now among the most earnest professing Christians, through whose efforts and example many souls have been won for Christ's cause.

The blue flag to-day flies from the mastheads of eleven mission smacks. Three of them are hospital ships with surgeons on board. The captains or stewards of the other eight have certificates from the St. John's Ambulance Corps, and the National Health Society, warranting their ability to give first aid to the injured. These fish with the rest. The hospital boats alone do not. At the very beginning of the work it was found that the boat which was scrubbed cleanest by a crew with nothing else to do, was not the one that attracted the most fishermen to the Sunday services or the week-day meetings. The fishermen, in their oily clothing, which probably had not been dry once or off their backs since they left shore, were afraid of smudging the clean boat. They did not feel at home. So it was decided that the mission crews, to be effective fishers of men, must fish with them, share their work, their work, their hardships, and their anxieties. They do that to this day, and they have no lack of calibre. The tobacco has ceased to be the chief attraction. The crews come not only to get broken limbs set, and bruises bandaged; very many come with an eager request for "something to read"—a longing which can never be fully appreciated by the landsman who finds his newspaper on his door-step every evening. Out in this watery desert the well-filled book-chest on board the fishing smack means, often, escape from the gambling devil whom the coper left behind to continue his foul work when he fled. To the Sunday services the crews come in force, and very often on week-days delegations of skippers request the missionary to hold a meeting on this or that smack.

The Deep-Sea Mission spends something over a hundred thousand dollars a year in its great work. In 1891, it had nearly nine thousand patients under medical or surgical treatment on

the various North Sea fleets; distributed over 400,000 magazines, nearly 300,000 tracts, and 11,837 books, not including 2,336 Bibles; 1,743 religious services were held on board its ships; and the to-

leave their Newfoundland homes and camp on the bleak coast of Labrador. These bring their women with them, and their condition during their stay there, when some 25,000 persons gather along-



bacco, sold at cost or a trifle below, aggregated in value about $15,000.

Last year the Mission sent one of its ships across the Atlantic to the fishermen who in summer

shore with neither minister nor doctor within reach, is described as most deplorable. In the coming season, another boat is to follow, so that the beneficent activity of this truly Christian movement

is about to be extended to American shores, with who can tell what ultimate result? On the Great Banks alone there is a population of quite 5,000 men fishing from April to October, often in old and unseaworthy boats, wretchedly equipped, suffering great hardships during their four, five, or six weeks' stay out at sea. It is true there are no copers on the banks, but neither are there hospital ships or churches afloat. The great difficulty in attempting to relieve their wants would be that, unlike the North Sea fishermen, they do not fish in fleets, but singly and independently, as a rule.

GOD BLESS OUR SAILORS.

Cold blows the wind o'er moor and lea,
White horses dance far out at sea,
Storm clouds are gathering in the west,
And sea-birds fly to land for rest.
The snow is lying on the ground,
And lake and pond by ice are bound.
So come, good landsmen, pray with me,
God bless our sailors on the sea!
The billows dash upon the shore,
List to the music of their roar,
And listen to the sea-birds' cry
While darkening clouds move o'er the sky.
A cry of sorrow, cry of woe,
For those who to the deep do go,
So come, good landsmen, pray with me,
God bless our sailors on the sea!

God bless the toilers of the deep!
Who sail the ocean while we sleep,
Whose watchword is, "Aye! ready we,"
Whose hearts are ever kind and free.
The lion-hearted, true and brave,
Whose home is on the raging wave,
So come, good landsmen, pray with me,
God bless our sailors on the sea!

What care they though the lightnings flash
Or mighty thunders roar and crash?
They brave the mighty billow's wrath
And cross the storm-fiend's awful path.
Their course is true, their motto, "Duty,"
Their love "for England, home, and beauty."
So come, good landsmen, pray with me,
God bless our sailors on the sea!

When by your fireside snug and warm
You listen to the raging storm,
Think, think of those upon the wave,
And ask God in His love to save,
And He will answer as you pray,
And guide them through the watery way.
So shall this prayer then answered be,
God bless our sailors on the sea!

—*F. J. Davis.*

A GRACIOUS WORD.

(John xv. 15, Revised Version.)

No longer I call you servants:
  Yours is a dearer place—
Nearer and sweeter and higher,
  In the light of my Father's face.
No longer I call you servants:
  Henceforth, till the world shall end,
To every one who obeys Me
  Be the right to call Me Friend.

With a friend's dear right to follow
  Wherever My footsteps lead,
And a friend's full right to counsel,
  Whatever the care and need;
For oft in the summer twilight,
  And oft in the early day,
My friend shall come to My presence,
  And I will not answer "Nay"

To the prayer his lips shall offer:
  His least half-uttered sigh
Shall wing through the songs of heaven
  To the ear of the Lord Most High.

And oh, My called, My chosen,
  Be not afraid to claim
Large gifts and gracious guerdons
  When ye plead your Saviour's name;

For you never need fear to ask Me
  Aught that your heart may crave:
Think of Me, dear disciple,
  As the Friend who came to save
From anxious thought of the morrow,
  And strife with sorrow cease;
Remember the word I left you—
  The gift of my perfect peace;

It is not an empty title
  That I bid you freely claim,
Now that I write upon you
  The pure and hidden name.
No longer I call you servants;
  Henceforth, till time shall end,
To each who in love obeys Me
  I have given the name of friend.

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

HOW TO TREAT THE CRIMINAL CLASSES.*

BY LYMAN ABBOTT, D.D.

There are in every community avowed and open enemies of the social order, men who disregard it and are endeavouring to break it down and to destroy it. They are what we call the criminal class. Some of these criminals drift into crime; some of them perpetrate occasional crime; some are educated for crime; some consecrate themselves to crime as their profession, as men consecrate themselves to medicine, law, or theology. And they are a very considerable class. It is estimated that in the United States, if you take all the criminals and all the people who are dependent upon the criminals, something like one in every seventy belongs to the criminal class. And this criminal class has been, on the whole, increasing throughout Christendom. In Great Britain apparently not, though the statistics do not fully agree; but in Spain it is said to have doubled within ten years; in France to have increased several hundred per cent. within the last quarter of a century; and in the United States to have increased one-third faster than the population since the Civil War.

These are very serious facts. What are we to do with these enemies of the social order? How shall we treat them? Society has very often given two answers to this question. It has sometimes said, Get rid of them. The simplest way to get rid of them is to kill them. Until a very recent period that was the method ordinarily pursued. In Great Britain, under Henry VIII., two hundred and sixty-three crimes were punished with death; and even as late as the close of the last century, two hundred crimes were so punished. It is estimated that in the reign of Henry VIII., 72,000 persons were hung in Great Britain. And it is even said by some authorities in penology that one reason why the criminal class is not increasing in Great Britain is that the progenitors and ancestors were killed off by that remorseless process in past centuries.

But we are now too humane to continue that process. We no longer kill them. But we banish them. We send them to Botany Bay. I have seen it seriously proposed to organize a penal colony in Alaska. Why? To get rid of them. France sends them to a chain-gang. We send them to the prison and shut them up and forget them. A boy steals an apple from an orchard; steals a lot of apples; he keeps on stealing apples. What shall we do with him? We bring him before a magistrate and send him to a gaol and lock the door on him and forget about him. Do you know what a gaol is? I read a description of a American gaol from General Brinkerhoff, of Ohio, who is an authority on penology:

"To establish a school of crime requires (1) teachers skilled in the theory and practice of crime; (2) pupils with inclination, opportunity, and leisure to learn; (3) a place of meeting together. All these requirements are provided and paid for by the public, in the creation, organization, and equipment of county gaols and city prisons. With less than half a dozen exceptions, all the gaols and city prisons in the United States are schools of this kind, and it is difficult to conceive how a more efficient system for the education of criminals could be devised. . . . Every observant gaoler knows with what

* A sermon preached at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. Reported stenographically, and revised by the author for the *Outlook*.

devilish skill the professors of this school ply their vocation. Hour after hour they beguile the weariness of enforced confinement with marvellous tales of successful crime, and the methods by which escape has been accomplished. If attention fails, games of chance, interspersed with obscene jokes and ribald songs serve to amuse and while away the time. In this way the usual atmosphere of a gaol is made so foul that the stamina of a saint is scarce strong enough to resist. Let a prisoner attempt to be decent, and to resist the contaminating influences brought to bear upon him, especially in a large gaol, and he will find that, so far as personal comfort is concerned, he might as well be in a den of wild beasts."

That is what comes of the attempt to solve the penal problem by simply locking the criminal up and forgetting him.

The other remedy—it seems worse, but I am inclined to think it is in some respects better—is to hate the criminal and hurt him; and, lest you should think what I say to you is rather strong language, I will read from an authority on this subject. I read from Sir James Stephen's "History of Criminal Law":

"I think it highly desirable that criminals should be hated, that the punishment inflicted upon them should be so contrived as to give expression to that hatred, and to justify it so far as the public provision of means for expressing and gratifying a natural healthy sentiment can justify and encourage it."

This man has done society a wrong; he is a wicked man, so we must hate him. We must give expression to that hate by hurting him. We will put him in the pillory, and fling stones or rotten eggs at him; we will tie him to the whipping-post and beat him; we will send him to the prison and make it as uncomfortable as we can for him. In one form or another we will give expression to the hatred of the man who has done society a wrong. That plan has been tried, and on a large scale. It went along concurrently with the plan of getting rid of the criminals by killing them. Men imagine that the Inquisition in the Middle Ages expressed the rancour and bitterness of the Church. They are mistaken. The cruelty was not of the Inquisition, it was of the Middle Ages; and the same cruelty which was expressed in punishment of heresy was expressed in punishment of all other crimes. The Church simply said, Heresy is a crime. Then society said, You are to hate the criminal and you are to hurt him as much as you can; and this is the way in which society carried out this principle of Sir James Stephen:

"The wheel, the caldron of boiling oil, burning alive, burying alive, flaying alive, tearing apart with wild horses, were the ordinary expedients by which the criminal jurists sought to deter crime, by frightful examples which would make a profound impression on a not over-sensitive population. An Anglo-Saxon law punishes a female slave convicted of theft by making eighty other female slaves each bring three pieces of wood and burn her to death, while each contributes a fine besides.

"In France women were customarily burned or buried alive for simple felonies. The criminal code of Charles V., issued in 1530, is a hideous catalogue of blinding, mutilation, tearing with hot pincers, burning alive, and breaking on the wheel. . . In England to cut out a man's tongue or to pluck out his eyes, with malice prepense, was not made a felony until the fifteenth century, in a criminal law so severe that, even in the reign of Elizabeth, the robbing of a hawk's nest was similarly a felony; and as recently as 1833 a child of nine was sentenced to be hanged for breaking a patched pane of glass and stealing twopence-worth of paint."

There is no danger of a revival of that kind of torture; certainly not. But when Sir James Stephen says we are to hate the criminal and to give expression to that hate, that is not written in 1542, that is modern, and it is the expression of the same philosophy

which finds its expression in these horrible cruelties of the Middle Ages. The theory is this: Man is endowed with an instinct of vindictive justice; and he is to gratify that vindictive justice. When a man has done a wrong and caused a suffering, he ought to suffer a wrong, and we ought to inflict it. The function of society is to exercise that vindictive or retributive justice. That is the claim. And in doing this it will deter men from perpetrating crime. The man who has suffered the penalty will not do the wrong again. He will say, It does not pay. And the man who looks on and sees the penalty inflicted, he will not do a like wrong, he will say, It will not pay. And thus society will protect itself from crime. This is the theory. Vindictive justice is the motive; protection of society the end; and the deterrent power of fear the means.

I believe that the whole system that is built up on those three foundation-stones is wrong from foundation-stone to topmost pinnacle. It cannot be reformed. It should be eradicated. It is wrong in every part of it. It is true there is an instinct of retributive justice in man; and he is to consider what is the end for which it is given him, and that end, not the gratification of his blind instinct, is to determine the punishment.

And as the satisfaction of the sentiment of revenge is not to be the motive, so the protection of society is not to be the aim. Society is not to be satisfied always to say, There are 700,000 criminals in the United States: how shall we guard ourselves against them? It is not to corral them and put a fence around them. It is not to secure society from the thief, the robber, the assassin. The protection of society is not the end. It is something higher, it is something better. And the deterrent power of fear is not the means. It has been tried, and it has failed. Men are not deterred from crime by fear. We have broken men on the wheel; have boiled them alive; have hung them. We have done it in public. We have gathered the criminal class around the gallows to see the execution and be deterred by the crime, and the man to be hung has made his speech and "died game," and the men who gathered to see the execution have gone back to plunge deeper in crime than they did before. Severe penalty instigates, duplicates, multiplies crime. It does not prevent.

I want to make my meaning as to this just as clear as I can. I deny that we have any right to administer justice, if by justice is meant the giving to every wrong deed its proper and just equivalent in penalty. That is not our function. God has not authorized us to do it. He has not given to one man a right to determine what is the legitimate and proper penalty to fall upon a fellow-sinner for the wrong he has done. On the contrary, he says we are not, and he says so clearly and explicitly. Judge not, he says. And by that he does not mean, do not judge unfairly, do not judge inequitably; he means, Judge not. It is not our business to administer justice.

Hate the criminal and express your hatred, says Sir James Stephen; he is the enemy of society. Christ says, Love him, and by love cure him. What Christ says, Paul says, possibly even more explicitly: Recompense to no man evil for evil. What does that mean? Repay to no man the evil for the evil he has done you. Repaying evil to a man because he has done evil against you, this is retributive justice, and Paul says, You are not to do it; when a man has done an

evil you are not to measure what amount of evil is to be given back to him. "Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord." That word "vengeance" is literally "execute justice." That is what the Greek word means. "Dearly beloved, execute not justice; I will execute justice; that belongs to me, saith the Lord."

We are neither to get rid of the criminal, nor are we to execute justice on the criminal. Our sole, single business in life is to work out redemption. We have not the right and we have not the capacity to execute justice. "Prisoner at the bar, stand up. You are accused of stealing a pair of shoes; you are found guilty; I will determine what is the right and just penalty to give to you because you stole that pair of shoes." Mr. Judge, are you prepared to do that? Do you know who that man's father and mother were? Do you know what his ancestry was? Do you know what temptations surrounded him? Do you know what early influences surrounded him? Do you know even whether you or he is the worse sinner?

And as we have neither the right nor the capacity, so we have not the power. That is the way we administer justice when we try to adjust the penalty to the wrong-doing. Two men—this is not a fanciful case—two men committed a burglary. One of them was an old offender. He had persuaded the other man to join with him. They were arrested. The younger man was ashamed of himself; was sick of the whole business; wanted to plead guilty, take his punishment, pay his debt, and begin life over again. He went before a severe judge and received a sentence of twenty years' imprisonment. The old offender knew of that judge's severity, got a shrewd lawyer, had his case put off, got himself brought before a good-natured judge, and received three years' imprisonment. Go before some judges for sentence before dinner and you will get one kind of a sentence; go after dinner and you will get another kind of a sentence. After all, judges are very much like the rest of us. I am not condemning judges; I am condemning the whole attempt on the part of mankind to determine how penalty should be adjusted to the wrong-doing.

Christ tells us we are not to undertake to administer justice—that is to say, This wrong-doing deserves this amount of penalty: now visit it on the criminal. What then? We are to administer redemption. And from the beginning to the end of our criminal system, from the letter A to the letter Z, from the very starting-point to its final consummation, there is to be one object, and only one object—namely, the reformation of the offender. It is not to be the satisfaction of retributive justice, it is not to be the protection of society; it is to be, simply, solely, singly, the reformation of the wrong-doer, and the reformation of the class to which the wrong-doer belongs.

In the first place, its root is not to be hatred of the criminal, it is to be love and pity for the criminal. Philosophers all discriminate between sin and crime. There is a distinction. What is it? Sin is any violation of God's law. Crime is any violation of man's law. Some crimes are not sins. It was a crime to give a glass of water to a fugitive slave in 1850, but it was not a sin. Now, how does God treat men when they violate his law? He comes to earth; he identifies himself with them; he bears their stripes in his

own person; he suffers the penalty of their wrong-doing, and by his own life and sufferings here on the earth he endeavours to reclaim them. And then he turns to them and says, Even as Jesus Christ forgave you, so also do you.

Do not misunderstand me; do not think I am arguing for sensationalism; do not think I approve of sending flowers and cakes to prisoners. It is said that when a man is in prison for murdering his wife, he is almost sure to have offers of marriage received from women, in case he gets out. That is not the kind of pity I am speaking for. It is not sentiment. It is the sense in one's self. Here is a horrible calamity that has come upon this man: how can we help him to a new and better life? Christ treats sin as disease, and he comes to cure the disease. We shall not start our criminal system aright until we get wholly rid of this notion that we are to hate the criminal and hurt him, and come back to the fundamental Christian notion that we are to love and pity and redeem and cure the criminal. That is to be the starting-point. Love is to be the motive, the inspiration. And, that being the inspiration, everything is to be attuned and set to that.

In the first place, to give some specifications, imprisonment ought not to be the first penalty. In Massachusetts they are trying what they call a probation system. It is working, apparently, very well. When any child is arrested, he is not first sent to a prison. The State official whose function it is to be the guardian of such children, is called into requisition. He is told to examine the case. He brings his report to the judge. If it will do, the boy is sent back to his home, and then the guardian is to keep an eye on him. If he has not any home, or any adequate home, the guardian finds a home for him. If there is not any home that can be found for him, the guardian puts him into an institution. The institution is the third and last resort. Whether the method is right or wise is not the question—the spirit is admirable. What Massachusetts is doing for children it is also beginning to do for men—for there are some men that are twenty-one who are children in will-power, and even in intellect. The great majority of criminals are weak.

When the man is sentenced, the sentence should be adjusted with reference, not to the crime he has committed, but wholly to the cure to be accomplished. Not that this ideal could be instantly reached, but that this ideal is to be kept constantly in view. I confess I am amazed at our patient folly. We arrest a man in New York for drunkenness; we send him up to the Island for ten days; he stays there just long enough to get sober, and then he is discharged. He comes back to New York; in twenty-four hours he is arrested again for drunkenness and sent to the Island again for ten days. There are men in New York who spend two-thirds of the time on the Island. We are paying Police Justices in New York for that operation. What we ought to do is this: When the man is arrested for his first drunkenness, his friends should be found, if he has any; when he is arrested for the second or the third or the fourth, patience should be exercised; but when the right time comes, he should be put into an institution, the object of which is to cure men of inebriacy, and if he cannot be cured, he should stay there the rest of his life. You say, Would you imprison a man for life for getting drunk? No! I would not; but I would keep him in an institution for life rather

than let him come out to prey upon the community by his drunkenness.

The sentence should be adjusted wholly with reference to the remedy. Men will say, Can you be sure the man is cured? No! we cannot. Will you not have some men discharged as cured who will come out and prey on society? Certainly. We cannot do anything perfectly in this life. We cannot adjust the penalty adequately to the crime committed. But under the one system over fifty per cent. come back and prey upon society again, and under the other system less than twenty per cent.

When the man is in the prison, all the discipline of the prison should be conducted with simple reference to reformation. It is a disgrace to our nineteenth-century civilization that boys should be sent to such a gaol as that General Brinkerhoff describes. It is done every day in this State of New York. When the man is arrested, separate confinement should be the beginning; he should be put by himself and studied there by himself for the first month, or six months, or, as in England, nine months, before he should be allowed to mingle with his fellows. The mingling then should be under such authority as to prevent the increasing and stimulating of crime. There should be schools in the prison for the purpose of teaching this man how to earn a livelihood by honest industry when he comes out. There should be an industrial system—not to make money, but to make men. We have gotten rid of the contract system in this State. Formerly we took prisoners, put them in State prison, sold their labour to a contractor, and told him to see how much he could get out of the prisoners. And the man who went in hating industry came out hating industry worse than ever. Industry should be organized for the purpose of making the man industrious, not for the purpose of making the prison self-supporting.

The plan which I have hinted at underlies what is known as the Elmira Reformatory system; it underlies the probation system of Massachusetts; it underlies the separate confinement. Group these all together, and out of them construct the ideal system for the moment. A man is arrested; he is brought before the court. Inquiry is made into his life, his character, his surroundings, his friends. If it is found that he has some friends who will be responsible for him, who will take care of him, who will see that this thing does not occur again, he is put under the tutelage of these friends. If it is found that he has no such friends, or that no such trust can be reposed in them, or that his criminality is too firmly fixed, he is sent to a prison, put into a separate cell, compelled to reflect. His industry is carried on in his cell; he is kept separate from the other prisoners; is not allowed to come out into fellowship until he has proved some degree of submission to authority, some degree of readiness for reform. Then he is put into a school and into a workshop; but the work is organized to secure development, not to secure money for the State or the prison; and the school is organized for the moral culture as well as the intellectual culture of this man. His record is kept. There are three grades in the prison. He begins at the lowest; if he falls back he is put back into cellular confinement; if he goes forward he is put into the second grade; if he still improves, he is put into the third. A court sits in the prison to determine the length of his imprisonment; and when he has proved that he is able to earn

an honest livelihood and is determined to earn an honest livelihood, then some employment is found outside where he can earn an honest livelihood, and he is set free.

I want you to notice two things: one, that, though this redemptive system is not yet perfected, it protects society better than the punitive system. When a man is killed, it is true he will not trouble society any more, but when he is reformed he will not trouble society any more; and experience demonstrates that the way to reform those that lie outside the circle is to reform the men that lie within it. And the second thing I want you to notice is this: An English writer criticises the Elmira Reformatory. He says, Perhaps it does discharge eighty per cent. cured, but what is its effect on the criminal population outside? It does not deter them. He is mistaken. One of the Judges of the Criminal Courts of New York tells me that criminals plead not to be sent to Elmira under the indeterminate sentence. The criminal would rather take ten years in Sing Sing than a chance of getting out of the Elmira Reformatory in five years. For the one thing a determined criminal does not want is to be put under influences that are all the time saying to him, You shall be honest; the one thing he hates is to be reformed.

Redemption and retribution are, so far as this world is concerned, different spellings of the same word; and the best and most effective deterrent is a penalty which holds the grip of law on the wrong-doer until he becomes a right-doer. Christ's method of dealing with the enemies of society is to treat them as diseased men; to pity them, not to hate them; and to administer for them a system of redemption, not to attempt the impossible task of administering a system of retributive justice.

STILL WITH THEE.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

Still, still with Thee when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness I am with Thee.

Alone with Thee amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with Thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
The closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'er-shading,
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning
When the soul waketh and life's shadows flee;
O, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee.

A MINUS SERMON.

BY E. DONALD M'GREGOR.

Miss Tracy Livingstone wasn't just clear about the new minister. Sometimes she thought she liked him, and at other times she was quite sure she despised him. When he preached, as he always did, with great earnestness and fervour, and people swayed 'neath his magnetic touch, like reeds before some southern breeze, then it was that Miss Livingstone would find herself sitting bolt upright, with never even a suspicion of moisture in her keen gray eyes. "Not even a dollar hem-stitched 'kerchief could tempt me to weep in church," she had been known to laughingly remark, and the Rev. Thomas Howard had seemingly no power to weaken this outspoken resolution.

Sunday after Sunday he gave himself to his people, and Miss Livingstone wavered between really liking, and positively disliking him. Sometimes her heart warmed to his message, and though, because outwardly she was a thoroughly self-controlled woman, she gave no visible sign of feeling, her whole being revelled in the mighty power of the man. At other times, when the preacher's message was not a whit more intense, she felt a genuine disgust because of the warm, whole-souled colour of things.

"People want something to think about, not something to feel about," she would say to herself with decision.

Then, when justice compelled her to admit that Mr. Howard's sermons were far from empty, she generally added—

"Oh, dear, it's all a horrible mix-up."

Without asking permission of this live corpse, allow me to dissect her, just for your benefit, as a student of human nature.

Miss Livingstone had sailed the sea of emotion. She had likewise sailed the sea of keen critical thought, and now, at nine-and-twenty, she was drifting in the straits of confusion, between these two seas. Sometimes a passing breeze would bear her headward, and then again some swift hurricane would send her, with every sail set, straight into regions where the swish of the waves was always heart music. No one could afford to predict whether head or heart would win. But then no one tried to predict, for everyone supposed that Miss Livingstone was a thoroughly ship-shape, well-ballasted woman. Her nautical meanderings were a secret from everyone but herself.

How did she manage? Why, simply by not saying a great many things, and in this, I take it, lies her claim to supremacy. A woman, or a man for that matter, who cannot say a great many things, is worth looking twice at. Take, for instance, Miss Livingstone's remarks upon the Rev. Thomas Howard. She might have chosen at times to say with hasty vigour, "I despise the man," but she was an honourable woman, and to fail in allegiance to the King's ambassador, seemed to her treason. Moreover, she felt that, considering the unsettled state of her mind, her opinion of Mr. Howard ought to be a cautious one. Thus it was that in the privacy of her own room, on her knees—do not smile, for there is nothing incongruous in prayer over even bold phraseology—on

her knees, I say, she formulated a reply for the question which she knew would come.

"How do I like Mr. Howard? Oh, I think he is very much in earnest—some of his sermons have greatly impressed me."

This answer satisfied the people—so easily does the world accept half truths for full-rounded expressions of faith.

When Mr. Howard had been six months in B———, one Sunday evening he walked home from church with Miss Livingstone. The following Sunday evening he did likewise. Now, I suspect that this not very alarming statement of mine has put you in a state of expectancy. You scent romance in the air, and are ready to affirm that the trend of my sketch is very patent. Be not so hasty. You do not yet know Miss Tracy Livingstone. Everybody walked home with her, and old Dame Gossip never even troubled to hunt her specs. Sometimes old Mark Munday, the shoemaker, was her escort, and the conversation was of leathers and lasts. Then again, it was young Perkins, the book-keeper, and Miss Livingstone became interested in figures and accounts. Old Nancy Traille found a ready listener for her tale of woe, founded on hens "that wouldn't lay more'n four eggs a week," and when sleek Mr. Hopkins, the town "catch," or shy young Simpkins, the tailor, slipped into place, Miss Livingstone was still the courteous, interested, pleasant-voiced woman. It was simply no use to fire gossip shot at her head. It merely bounced off and disappeared.

Now, apart from this fact, it was an eminently proper thing that Mr. Howard should enjoy a walk with Miss Livingstone. She was his right-hand woman in every church enterprise, and her ideas were guaranteed to cut truer than any Rogers' steel blade. They talked on this particular night of sermons, and not unnaturally of the evening's sermon.

"You were very much in earnest," Miss Livingstone said, and then she paused.

"Was I too much in earnest?"

It was a searching, and, to Miss Livingstone, an uncomfortable question. She felt that by some shade of tone she had unwittingly betrayed herself. She parried the question—

"Can a man ever be too much in earnest?"

Mr. Howard did not answer for a moment. Then he said quietly—

"I had not thought so, but evidently we are not quite in agreeance to-night."

"Does it not depend upon what one is in earnest about?"

Miss Livingstone was shooting forth these random shots, just to keep the enemy at bay, while swiftly she buckled on her armour of defence. She had been reading and studying much that week, and the winds were headward. She felt sure that Christ's throne should be in the head and not in the heart. She was critical and cold, and the fountains of her heart had dried up into a feeble stream.

Mr. Howard's answer came with an accent of surprise—

"Why, the thing I am in earnest about is the salvation of souls."

"The question is how to reach that end."

"Shall I reach it by being less in earnest?"

There was in the words an emphasis that demanded the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

Miss Livingstone replied with decision—

"Certainly not." Then she paused, and there were traces of hesitation in her tone.

"And yet, Mr. Howard, I have

sometimes thought that less appeal to the heart, and more solid food for the brain, might lead more people to Christ."

Mr. Howard was surprised.

"Can a man be a Christian and not use every scrap of brain God has given him? I contend that he cannot, and I am trying each Sunday to give the solid food thought—even Jesus Christ."

"And yet, are there not critical problems and burning questions of the day, that our young people especially are interested in—might not a study of these be a roundabout, but at the same time, a sure road to Christ?"

"What do you mean?"

Mr. Howard asked the question with a sudden swift directness that was a fashion of his. Miss Livingstone did not answer. This man was knocking at the inner sanctum of her soul, and she hesitated whether to open the door, or reply—"Not at home today."

Mr. Howard continued, scarcely seeming to notice her hesitancy.

"You have touched the great problem of my life. You know about my long college course, and how people were inclined to laugh at all my post-graduate work, and my fondness for digging and delving—but, oh, you don't know about the struggles. When I took my ordination vows, I pledged myself to preach Christ, and Christ alone. Many a sermon I have burned, because it was all astronomy or psychology, or some other side line, that I could only hinge Christ on to, not put him into. Sometimes, even when my text was all Gospel, my sermon would be full of lengthy discussions upon abstruse questions, that didn't make one bit of difference to any poor sinner.

"Did you ever preach them?"

Miss Livingstone asked the question curiously.

"No: never once, but the conflict has been like the powers of darkness grappling for my soul, and now you, whose judgment everybody relies upon, would counsel me to throw up Jesus Christ, the Bread of Life, and offer stones to this people."

"I would counsel nothing of the kind." Miss Livingstone's tones were a trifle indignant.

"Pardon me, then—I have misunderstood."

"I am merely pleading for a broader Gospel. I have heard several of our college students speak of Dr. Morton's preaching. You know he takes up a great many scientific subjects, and puts Christ into them too."

"Does he ever have conversions?"

"Well, I don't hear of any, but, Mr. Howard, one can't reckon results with a fluctuating, changeful congregation like Dr. Morton's, and, besides,"—Miss Livingstone paused—"you are a better man than Dr. Morton, and therefore that much better qualified to attempt this kind of preaching."

Mr. Howard did not protest,—he recognized the honesty of this woman. There was no shadow of flattery in her words, and besides, he would hasten on to the real question at issue.

"Am I missing my opportunities with our young people, because I preach a plain, direct Gospel?" he asked solemnly.

"I candidly think so," Miss Livingstone replied. She had been growing stronger with each fresh plea from her own lips; and this was not unnatural. Our arguments often have more effect upon our own selves than upon any one else, and our expressions, stronger than the thought that fathers them, form frequently about us a kind of prison wall. We can't escape except by clubbing the guard of our own dignity,

and it takes some muscular grace to do this. Thus it was that Miss Livingstone, having gradually committed herself to a theory of which she was by no means certain, found retreat pretty well cut off. Mr. Howard listened while she told him that he was in no danger of preaching a Christless sermon. His vanity was untouched. He merely wondered if this was really a message from the King.

"One sermon might prove to me the right or wrong of this notice," he said, meditatively—"I may have been narrow,—who knows?"

And then he opened the gate and said, "Good night," and Miss Livingstone went straight to her room. She prayed earnestly that night, and every night of that week. The Rev. Thomas Howard did likewise, and God was neither asleep nor dead. He heard their prayers, and would have sent an answering messenger, but the roads were blocked. Mr. Howard and Miss Livingstone had made up their minds to risk it, and even the King's messengers can't break that kind of a blockade.

Mr. Howard seemed, as he rose in his pulpit that Sunday evening, to be weighed down with some burden. His voice was low and constrained, and there was almost a tremour, as he gave out the grand old hymn—

"Thy voice produced the sea and spheres,
Bade the waves roar, the planets shine,
But nothing like Thyself appears,
Through all these spacious works of Thine."

About the prayer, there might have been various opinions. It was a train of petitions, honestly and surely headed heavenward, but there was no coupler between it and the engine, and of course it didn't move a bit.

The lesson was better. There is a majestic stride about that first chapter of Genesis, that is not easy to overthrow, and then Mr. Howard was regaining himself. He saw before him, seat after seat of college boys, attracted thither by the announcement of a sermon on "the First Creative Day," and the rare chance to touch these young lives seemed to lighten his heart. He read his text in a clear voice, and then he stopped. His eye ran over the congregation. He saw a splendid audience. They were waiting, and surely he had a message. Again he read his text. Then, throwing back his shoulders, and pushing back his hair from his forehead, as though he would thrust aside every impediment—he let himself go. I cannot use any other expression. There was no clinging to notes, no consciousness of effort—just a simple letting go, a dropping into his native element. He had longed to be free to preach just in this fashion—now it had come, and for one night he revelled in the science of world making.

Do you ask whether it was a Christless sermon? I answer "No," but it was not a Christful sermon. Every now and then you caught glimpses of the King eternal, but somehow the Christ was too far away for one to see the print of the nails. You knew that he was present to heal, but you could not feel his touch. The air was full of scientific vapours, and the face of the risen Saviour was hidden from sight.

The college boys leaned forward as the peroration was reached. There was power in the young preacher's words, and had the place been other than a church, they would have shouted, "Bravo, Thomas," As it was, they gripped one another's knees, and whispered—"Pretty fine, eh," "He's a rattler, isn't he?"

And then came the prayer. Mr.

Howard knew that he had been upon one of his mountain tops, and the consciousness of this breathed from his words. Nay, I do not mean conceit, but merely that there was expansion of chest, a sparkling of eye, and a swinging gait, through the rare mountain air. He felt that he had sounded himself, and he had not found shallows. Call it an egotistical process, if you like. I choose to dub it a clearing away of the rubbish, the unearthing of God's stamp of power.

I think Miss Livingstone was the only person with whom Mr. Howard shook hands that night. He scarcely knew why, but it seemed the proper thing to turn aside from the vestry-door for just a word with her. And after all it wasn't a word, for they merely shook hands. A nameless silence seemed to have fallen across their spirits, and yet methinks far off was heard the footfall of a messenger.

. . . . . .

"If you please, Miss Tracy, e's hawful bad, an' the little uns is a-cryin', an' goin' on so. Won't you please to come? I knowed as you would know what to do for 'im."

"If the man is dying, some minister should be sent for, Mary." Miss Livingstone was dressing as she spoke.

"Oh, yes, ma'am, William went for Dr. Gray, an' I stopped at the parsonage on my way up 'ere. William's a-takin' care of the poor man while I'm gone, 'cause I thought as I could tell you better how things was."

Ten minutes later, Miss Livingstone and old Mary Thomas were walking through the quiet streets. They stopped at a little rough-cast row of houses.

"Number twelve's the 'ouse, Miss Tracy—you'll 'ear 'im a-groanin' 'fore we gets up the walk. William an' me was both sound asleep when we 'eard that dreadful noise, an' William 'e give an hawful jump, for 'e was sure as some one was breakin' in the door."

Miss Livingstone stepped quietly into the house. Dr. Gray and Mr. Howard greeted her silently. They were standing one on either side of a bed, and some children were crying piteously in an outer room. Scarcely looking at the sick man, Miss Livingstone stepped out to the children. She was used to such scenes. Very often had she and Dr. Gray worked together in the sick room. They understood each other, and the old doctor frankly admitted that no trained nurse could more clearly have known her business. The children were soon coaxed back to their beds, and as children do, they slipped off to dreamland, leaving only a few tremulous sobs to tell of the storm that had been.

Miss Livingstone wondered afterward, if her punishment would have been complete without the hideous scene that followed.

Dr. Gray came to her, asking for a cup and a spoon, and old Mary went for a dipper of fresh water. The cottage was silent, save for the uneasy moaning of the sick man. Suddenly, like some fierce storm, beating upon the shores of silence, a man's voice was heard—

"Get out of my sight. It's you that has killed me, an' a devil you are, if you do wear a white choker."

It was strange that a man so near the borderland could speak with such savage vehemence.

"Hush, man," said Dr. Gray, "you've not many hours to live,—save your breath for better words."

"I'll spend a bit of it on him, just to make him remember, an' save some other poor wretch."

Mr. Howard laid his hand kindly on the sick man's arm—

"My friend, let us look to Jesus, while there's a chance."

"Look to Jesus? No ye don't"—the man half raised himself up in bed—"last night I was wantin' to look to Him, but I ain't now. Since the woman died, things has gone to the dogs, an' there was no bread for the young 'uns, an' me out of work, an' I went to church starvin' for a bit of help, yes, starvin', man, an' ye give me stones, an' I guess I was crazed. I just made it up to have an end of it. The pistol's over there, an' here's where it went in."

The man drew back the clothes as he spoke. They were spattered with blood. Dr. Gray motioned to Miss Livingstone—

"You can pray—he will listen to you."

"No, no—not if he goes without a ray."

She did not weep, but her face was set and cold, and there was a misery in it that even Mr. Howard could afford to pity.

Quickly turning to William Thomas, she said: "William, there's nothing to keep you silent—pray." And the little company knelt, while old William spoke to God. I think that's the right way to put it. There was no introduction, no flight of oratory, no anything, except just a mighty cry for help.

Dr. Gray said afterward that it made him think of an old Englishman, who, upon being reproved for asking help from a nobleman in a very rough and ready way, replied indignantly—

"Noots, man! D'y think I'm going to put on tiffics, when people's a-drownin'?"

Old William felt that a man was "a-drownin'," and he put on no "tiffics." He just gripped God, and it didn't seem as though he would let that poor soul perish.

The man appeared after a little to fall off into a stupour—but just at dawn he opened his eyes.

"Parson," he said, weakly, "I reckon as God Almighty 'll settle yer account, so I don't know's I need to mind,—an' there's a streak o' light in the sky, ain't there?"

Old Mary closed his eyes, and Dr. Gray had another call. Through the gray dawn there walked a man and woman in silence. As they stood at a gate the woman said—

"Do you think there is forgiveness for me?"

"For us," the man said, half fiercely, and then in quieter tones he repeated just a part of a verse—

"Who forgiveth all thine iniquities."

SONNET.

I think the immortal servants of mankind
  Who, from their graves, watch by how slow degrees
  The World-Soul greatens with the centuries,
Mourn most Man's barren levity of mind:
The ear to no grave harmonies inclined,
  The witless thirst for false wit's worthless lees,
  The laugh mistimed in tragic presences,
The eye to all majestic meanings blind.

O prophets, martyrs, saviours, ye were great,
  All truth being great to you; ye deemed Man more
Than a dull jest God's ennui to amuse;
  The world, for you, held purport; Life ye wore
Proudly, as kings their solemn robes of State;
And humbly, as the mightiest monarchs use.

—*William Watson.*

CATHARINE OF SIENA.*

BY FRANCIS HUSTON WALLACE, M.A., D.D.,

Professor in Victoria University.

I.

Catharine of Siena is one of the most fascinating figures of church history; not only one of the brightest and best of the "Saints" of the Roman Catholic Church, but one of the noblest, most powerful, most saintly women of the universal Church of Jesus Christ. Her career is striking, her character is winning, her example is inspiring. In Mrs. Josephine E. Butler—the widow of a canon of the Church of England, a woman herself prominent in the Social Purity movement in England, and in other good works—Catharine has found a sympathetic interpreter and eloquent biographer.

Few biographies are at once so readable, so full of information, and so stimulating to all that is best in human life and character. The style is simple and direct, delightfully free both from fine writing and from literary hysterics. In places, Mrs. Butler is perhaps a little too apologetic for the more superstitious aspects of Catharine's life. But in the main she is remarkably objective in her narrative, sifting facts with quiet good judgment, and allowing the ascertained facts to produce their own impression.

Moreover, the book is more than the life of one good woman written by another. Catharine's life is most felicitously set in its environment of contemporary history. The gifted authoress introduces us to the monarchs and the republics of the fourteenth century, in that land whose ancient glories and whose later misfortunes alike kindle the imagination. She familiarizes us with the exactions of papal legates and the frenzy of popular revolutions. She traces with a skilful hand the deplorable condition of the church, the "Babylonish captivity" at Avignon, the return of Gregory to Rome, and the rise of the great Schism; and throughout this gorgeous historical panorama, shows us the life and influence of Catharine of Siena flowing beneficently on, blessing all that they touch.

With Mrs. Butler's assistance, let us review the main incidents of this life.

The fourteenth century was an epoch of mingled light and darkness. The ancient literature of Greece and Rome was once more becoming a powerful influence in stirring thought and moulding taste. The Italian language and Italian poetry were assuming those forms which still delight the world. Art sprang into wonderful perfection—in a word, it was an age of intellectual and aesthetic culture. But moral ozone was lacking in that soft air. In palaces and castles, where art and literature prevailed, the sterner virtues of truth and honour languished, intrigue and debauchery and assassination were the ordinary incidents of high life. Every little prince was a petty tyrant, every free republic was kept in perpetual turmoil by the incessant wars and revolutions which seemed the inevitable price of its freedom, either from the encroachments of neighbouring potentates, or the arrogance of its own elected oligarchy.

* "Catharine of Siena: A Biography." By Josephine E. Butler. London: Horace Marshall & Son. Toronto: William Briggs.

In the midst of a world morally corrupt, the Church was by no means the salt of the earth. The ambition of the Church had ceased to be for spiritual trophies, and had degenerated into the lust for temporal sovereignty. Since 1305 the seat of the papacy had been at Avignon, amid the tranquillity and gaiety of Southern France, far from the disturbances and difficulties of the Pope's dominions in Italy. The estates of the Church in Italy were mismanaged by extortionate and infamous cardinal legates. The country was overrun by bands of mercenary troops, the notorious condottieri, who pillaged and ravaged the fair fields of unhappy Italy for two centuries, now in the pay of the Pope, now of this prince, now of that republic. Not only was the Church thus derelict to its spiritual and its political duties, but the personal lives of the priests and prelates were scandalous. It was said that "the morals of Avignon were what were called vices in other nations."

The absorbing interest in the life of Catharine of Siena is in this fact, that to such an age this young woman came forth as sent of God, with the boldness and severity of a Hebrew prophet, but at the same time with the pleading tenderness of loving Christian woman, to rebuke princes, cardinals, and the very Pope, to denounce all vices, hypocrisies and shams, to minister gently to the unfortunate, to rescue the outcast, and to exemplify the real power of a life of faith in the Son of God.

Mrs. Butler quotes from Catharine's father confessor and biographer, Raymond, as follows: "Catharine of Siena was to the fourteenth century what St. Bernard was to the twelfth. At the moment when the bark of St. Peter was most strongly agitated by the tempest, God gave it for pilot a poor young girl who was concealing herself in the little shop of a dyer. Catharine travelled to France to lead the Pontiff Gregory XI. away from the delights of his native land. She brought back the Popes to Rome, the real centre of Christianity. She addressed herself to cardinals, princes, and kings. Her zeal inflamed at the sight of the disorders which prevailed in the Church. She exerted all her activity in order to overcome them. She negotiated between the nations and the Holy See. She brought back to God a multitude of souls, and communicated, by her teaching and example, a new vitality to those great religious orders which were the "life and pulse of the Church." And yet she, who exerted so powerful an influence over the men and the events of her time, lived only thirty-three years.

Catharine was borne at Siena, a city of Southern Tuscany, south of Florence, picturesquely situated upon the summit of a hill, a city of 200,000 inhabitants then, and the rival of Florence, now much smaller and less important. In this place many of the sterner virtues of earlier days lingered, love of liberty, combined with purity of life and a genuine religious faith. The parents of Catharine, Giacomo Benincasa, and his wife Lapa, were of the old Sienese sort, simple, virtuous, and pious. Giacomo was a dyer, a man whose integrity and kindliness made him much respected among his neighbours. Catharine was one of twenty-five children. She and her twin sister were born in 1347. The sister died in a few days. Although Catharine lived thirty-three years, she was never strong, and through a large part of her life endured great physical sufferings. In her there soon appeared a characteristic which was one of the secrets of her astonishing

power over all sorts and conditions of men, namely, a certain sweet sincerity, and a frank sympathy with her fellows. She loved birds, beasts, and flowers. She fearlessly looked men, women, and children in the eye; her smile won every heart; "she smiled with her eyes as well as her lips." Her whole manner of intercourse was so simple, open, and ingenuous that prejudice and even indifference soon melted away before her. She was not beautiful, save with the beauty of a pure, vivacious, and winning expression, and the charm of easy and graceful movement. A daughter of the people to the end, her manners were easy and unembarrassed before prince or pontiff.

In her earliest years the profound religiousness of her nature began to manifest itself, and naturally in such ways as the current type of piety suggested. She loved the old church of St. Dominic, in her native city, and she frequently wandered thither, and spent long hours in prayer in a chapel by the side of the church. When six years old, she beheld a wonderful vision of Jesus, who seemed to her to appear over the church and to smile lovingly upon her. Rudely disturbed in the contemplation of this sight, she burst into tears, and sadly reproached her little brother, "Oh, Stephen, if you could only see what I see, you would never have disturbed me thus."

Filled with zeal to emulate the asceticism of the early anchorites, she fled one morning from Siena, and hid herself in a little grotto in the hills. But by night her better nature prevailed, she thought of her duty to her parents, and their grief at her loss, and returned hastily to her home. It was largely the sanity of her natural affections which held her tendency to ascetic extravagance in check.

But in one point her decision was early formed and steadily maintained. She would not hear of marriage. Her mind was absolutely dominated by the celibate ideal. The kindly pressure of her family in the direction of marriage, she gently but persistently resisted. Sterner measures were alike unavailing. Finally, impelled by a dream, Catharine assembled her father, mother, brothers and sisters, and announced to them that she had long before deliberately made an irrevocable vow of celibacy; declared that she must obey God rather than man, and expressed her willingness either to remain dutifully in the house as a servant, or to go forth alone, casting herself on the providence of God. The family were melted and overcome. She was allowed henceforth to follow the leading of the Holy Spirit, to serve the Saviour in the way she desired, and her father said: "We could never find for her a more beautiful or honourable alliance, for her soul is wedded to her Lord, and it is not a man, but the Lord who dieth not, whom we now receive into our house."

She arranged for herself a little private room as a cell, wherein she might imitate the devotion of the monks. Here she gave herself to incessant prayer and adoration. For three years she rarely quitted this cell. Her diet was spare, her sleep brief, and on bare boards, and her victory over the legitimate demands of nature marvellous. However erroneous the ascetic theory underlying her austerities, and however inimical this course of life to her health, nevertheless these years of quiet contemplation, self-denial, and prayer, made her superior to many of the petty infirmities, and in-

different to the insignificant discomforts which have so great an influence over most men and women. She became fitted to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. Not that she was physically healthy. She was all her life long subject to distressing gastric trouble, and to attacks of severe prostration. Her mother would sometimes enter the little cell in the early morning, carry her to her own bed, and place her there for comfort. But Catharine begged to be allowed to return to her own dear little room, so inflexible was her decision, so strenuous her perseverance.

Early in life she had formed the desire to preach the Gospel. As a little girl, she gathered other little girls around her, and preached to them with "wonderful eloquence and power." Her determination now became fixed to become a mantellata, i.e., a female associate of the Order of St. Dominic (so called as wearing the mantle of St. Dominic), with the expectation of following the illustrious example of the friar preachers. After some hesitation to receive so young an applicant, the fraternity admitted her. But not yet did she plunge into an active life of beneficence.

Before attempting to briefly narrate her more public career, it is necessary to pause and inquire what was the religious experience which these years of early aspiration and devotion had developed. It is delightful to find that, while she did not free herself from the superstitions and errors of her time and of her Church, nevertheless her faith went down below them all, and fixed itself upon the one foundation, Jesus Christ. Mrs. Butler says: "I do not find that there entered into her thoughts the smallest idea of merit or of reward in renouncing earthly joys and human ties. The most careful search through all her utterances, written or spoken, fails to reveal a single word claiming to herself any merit. Her dying words give the key to the faith or the philosophy which she embraced from her childhood. Barduccio, one of her secretaries, who gathered up her last words, tells us that when she knew she was dying, "she blessed us all, and pronounced these words: 'Yes, Lord, thou callest me. I come to thee; I go to thee, not on account of my merits, but solely on account of thy mercy, and that mercy I have implored in the name, O Jesus, of thy precious blood.'"

The profound secret of her life, the source of her astonishing power—"power to win, to convert, to suffer, to rule, to command, for the salvation of erring man, and for the glory of God,"—lay not merely in her self-denial and her consecration, but above all in her simple trust in the goodness of God through Jesus Christ, in her constant converse with God, and in her entire dependence upon divine guidance. Her dialogues and letters abound in such expressions as these: "The Lord said to me," "My God told me to act so and so," "While I was praying, my Saviour showed me the meaning of this, and spoke thus to me."

God and his will were intense realities to her. The groundwork of the legend of the mystical marriage of St. Catharine was laid in a dream she herself related, in which she saw the Saviour place on her finger a marriage ring, espousing her in faith and love. This notion of the espousal of the consecrated virgin to the heavenly bridegroom is but an extravagant expression for entire consecration, and the mystical union of the soul with Christ. The form is incorrect, for the New Testament

makes the Church, not the individual believer, the bride of Christ. But the underlying experience in the case of Catharine was that of a vital union by faith.

Such an intense type of piety, trained in the recollection of dreams, visions, and ecstasies, was sure to expect like manifestations and to receive them. Catharine, while in prayer, often fell into an ecstasy, forgetful of all earthly things, lost in the contemplation of things heavenly. After such seasons of special realization of divine things, her countenance would be radiant, so that men wondered at the joyousness of her aspect even amid pains and persecutions.

Like all the great servants of God, and like our blessed leader in the Christian life, she was made "perfect through sufferings." In the early years of her celibate life, soon after becoming a mantellata, she passed through spiritual conflicts, which recall Bunyan's description of Christian assailed by the dreadful shapes of hellish enemies, as he passed through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. In her dreams came temptations to impurity, which cruelly tormented her. Then came temptations to renounce her austere way of life, and embrace the life of wife and mother. After a period of peace, these attacks became more violent than ever, and now she seemed forsaken by her Divine Helper. But in an abandon of devotion, she flung herself at the feet of her Lord, and declared her fixed determination to live and suffer for Him. "I have chosen suffering for Christ's sake, and I am willing, if need be, to endure this till death." Thereupon came a great light and peace into her soul; her sense of communion with the Lord became entrancing; the victory was won. Such conflicts with such forms of temptation gave her power henceforth to sympathize with the tempted and to help them.

The thorough sincerity and the good sense of Catharine were now evidenced by her effort to learn to read. Her progress was very rapid. Not until several years later, however, did she learn to write. Yet she left a high literary reputation as one of those who moulded the Italian language.

At length, prepared by quiet years of thought, meditation, self-control, and intercourse with God, Catharine emerged from her little cell into the midst of revolutions, dangers, and turmoil, to be the Deborah, the Florence Nightingale, and the Mrs. Booth of her age. She combined in one person the offices of the gentle nurse, who cared for the sick and dying, the evangelist, who won many souls to Christ, and the faithful counsellor, who advised both princes and popes, and ever sought to promote the welfare of the people and the reform of the Church.

It was during a period of struggle and revolution, when the Sienese fought nobly for their liberties against the emperor, that Catharine was induced to take part in public affairs. For years she had absolutely secluded herself in her own little room, or cell. Now the divine voice came to her: "Go quickly, my daughter, it is the hour of the family repast; join thy parents and thy family; remain with them, and I will be with thee." Reluctantly, and in tears, she at last yielded to the divine impression of duty, recognizing, as she afterwards related, that love has two commandments, to love God and to love one's neighbour. So, after mingling with her family for some time in the active duties of home life, she took the further step of visiting and relieving the poor of the city. She was in her

seventeenth year when she began to appear upon her errands of mercy, in the mantle of a sister of St. Dominic—the first young woman ever enrolled as a mantellata.

Soon her life was filled with varied offices of charity, in the accomplishment of which it was inevitable that she should assume a free attitude to the narrow traditional prejudices of the time. In the midst of revolution she acted as mediator and pacificator. She sometimes addressed thousands of people on the streets, "beseeching them for the love of Jesus, to be at peace with each other, and to search each his own heart, to discover there any lurking egotism, and to give up any selfish demand which could only be gratified at the expense of his neighbour. 'Those who could not hear her voice were moved even to tears by the beaming charity and sweetness of her countenance, while she spoke and pleaded.'"

The unconventionality of her labours soon aroused jealousy and suspicion; the coarsest calumnies were circulated against her; even a leper woman whom she waited upon taunted her with loving to be too much in the company of her "dear friars," and the elder Sisters of St. Dominic constituted themselves a committee to inquire into her life and conduct. Catharine's patience and quiet persistence amid this most cruel trial of her faith were wonderful. Under the taunt of the leper—her first intimation of such suspicions—she blushed suddenly, but kept silence, and continued to minister to the ungrateful woman to the last. Under the cutting reproaches of the Sisters of St. Dominic, she patiently and gently asserted her chastity. One of the wealthiest and most distinguished of the Sisters, who had been peculiarly bitter against Catharine, finally acknowledged the wrong she had done her, and publicly proclaimed her innocence.

This same spirit of patience and humility was exhibited at another time, when a good man from Florence visited Catharine in order personally to test her. She was very ill and lying on the planks which formed her bed. He administered to her the most cruel and unjustifiable rebukes, which she bore submissively to the end, thanking him for his faithful dealing with her. After he had left her, he described her as "pure gold without alloy." They only can begin to understand the life of such a saint of God, who behold as its moving impulse not a desire for human praise or power, but a consecration to God, so complete that every monition of the Spirit is obeyed no matter how far it may lead one away from the ordinary path of mere conventional religion, and every duty is undertaken no matter how difficult it may be to flesh and blood.

TWO PATHS AND TWO VOICES.

BY REV. JOHN E. TUTTLE.

"There is no God!"
O life, how hard thy burdens press;
How long thy paths, how dark they be!
The light has fled, the day is dead,
The night-wind sobs along the lea,—
A toil, and tears, a grave's distress.

"Lord, I believe!"
O life, how sweet thy blessings are!
He walks Thy paths; how light they be!
The day has come, the night is dumb;
The Christ-song hymns along the sea,—
A work, and wage, a heaven afar.

A MODERN SAINT.*

BY W. T. STEAD.

Mrs. Josephine Butler is, perhaps, all things considered, the most famous of living women. She is the nineteenth-century example of that heroic virtue of which the most familiar type is St. Catharine of Siena. But St. Catharine, true to the traditions and the directions of the Catholic Church, was a celibate. Mrs. Josephine Butler, as her name implies, is married.

This life is an almost ideal picture of English married life, by one of the noblest of English women, and is worthy of a high place in the rare books of which Lucy Hutchinson's "Life of Colonel Hutchinson" may be regarded as the best known type. Canon Butler was not called to a warfare as material as that which gave Colonel Hutchinson his renown, but it was his glory to be the most efficient supporter of his wife in the memorable campaign which she began against the most hideous of our social wrongs.

The life of Canon Butler is in no sense a history of the movement of the new Abolitionists. It may be read aloud in a family without offence by any decent-minded person of either sex. But it was impossible that such a life should be written by such a woman without shedding a ray of golden light upon the secret sources of the moral strength and Christian enthusiasm which caused Mrs. Butler's movement to rank foremost in the moral revivals of our time. This, together with the charming picture which it gives of a perfect married life, constitutes the chief feature of the volume, and entitles it to a permanent place among those books whose pages elevate and inspire the mind.

The Rev. George Butler was Principal of the Liverpool College, a great institution at which nine hundred boys were receiving their education. He was not only principal of a school, he was also a clergyman of the Church of England. They had a family of young sons, and Mrs. Butler's health was very infirm. Yet, when, in obedience to the Divine call, she dedicated herself to be—in her own picturesque and vivid phrase—"the Lord's scavenger," in an agitation which necessitated continual travel and constant speaking at home and abroad for seventeen years, at a time when a woman seldom or never appeared on a public platform, the immense strain, religious, social, educational, political, and personal, which this step involved, never impaired by one jot or one tittle the lovely domestic life of which this volume gives us so many fascinating glimpses.

Never was more arduous a problem so perfectly solved. According to most people's notions, the work should have been left to some lady unattached, who was free from ties of husband and family and church and school. Mrs. Butler was, therefore, in their eyes the very last person in the world to go. But the wisdom of man is foolishness in the sight of God, and he chose precisely the instrument which would have been despised and rejected of men. Every one can see now that the success of the great movement de-

* "Recollections of George Butler." By his wife, Mrs. Josephine Butler. With illustrations from Canon Butler's water-colour paintings. Bristol: Arrowsmith. Pp. 487. 10s. 6d. Abridged from the *Review of Reviews*.

pended upon the fact that its leader was a married woman, living in healthy human relations with mankind. But although that is admitted, many profess great commiseration for the husband and children, whose wife and mother was told off to so terrible and arduous a duty.

This volume finally disposes of the delusion which excited that unnecessary pity. It shows us that while Mrs. Butler did her public work magnificently, the fact that she was able to do it was because her private life, and especially her married life, was so ideal. If Mrs. Butler had been twice the saint that she is, the work would have broken her down had she not possessed the constant support and sustaining stimulus of the saint who was her husband. This life story reveals to the outside world what only those privileged with the intimacy of the family knew before, how much Mrs. Butler owed to her husband, and how invaluable was the comparatively suppressed life which she led.

It is an idyl of the modern world, the story of the mutual service and devoted love of these two brave co-workers, and nothing is more modern or more noble about it than the unhesitating loyalty of the man to the woman when it was the woman and not the man who was called of God to the leadership of a great cause. Such a wedded life lived through to its perfect close is the most effective answer to the worm-eaten nonsense about the impossibility of reconciling the recognition of the right of the capable to govern, even if they happen to be women, with the chivalry, the love, and the devotion which women have a right to expect from men. A thing cannot be impossible when it has been done. And Canon Butler and his wife have lived that life down. No one in the limitless realm of imagination could have conceived a harder test or one that has been more triumphantly surmounted.

Of course it may be said that this may be possible to saints, but it is impossible to ordinary mortals. To this it is sufficient to reply that no ordinary mortal can ever in this world again have to face such an ordeal as Mrs. Butler passed through unscathed. There are certain things which once done are never so difficult again. And in the second place, while it is true that few live in the heights attained and kept by Canon Butler and his wife, yet they were saints of mortal mould, and there are few women who have more of human nature both in its strength and in its weakness than Mrs. Josephine Butler.

How, then, was this marvel accomplished? First, by love, mutual, passionate, but reverent love, in which each recognized the right of the other's individuality, and loved it for what it was, and not because it bowed to the domination of the other; secondly, by the intense spiritual life which they both enjoyed and shared; and thirdly, by the intellectual equality which enabled them to enter into and help each other in every work which either undertook.

Mrs. Butler's testimony on this delicate subject of their wedded love is tenderly and beautifully rendered. She says:

"His character would be very inadequately portrayed if so prominent a feature of it were concealed as that of his love for his wife, and the constant blending of that love with all his spiritual aspirations and endeavours. That love was a part of his being, becoming ever more deep and tender as the years went on. In the springtime of life, men dream, speak, write, and sing of love—of

love's gracious birth, and beautiful youth. But it is not in the springtime of life that love's deepest depths can be fathomed, its vastness measured, and its endurance tested. There is a love which surmounts all trials and discipline, all the petty vexations and worries, as well as the sorrows and storms of life, and which flows on in an ever-deepening current of tenderness, enhanced by memories of the past and hopes of the future—of the eternal life towards which it is tending. It was such a love as this that dwelt and deepened in him of whom I write, to the latest moment of his earthly life—to be perfected in the Divine presence."

That is how the wife wrote of the husband. This is how the husband wrote to the wife:

"I have been reading Tennyson's 'Maud,' and correcting my review of it for Frazer's Magazine. Reading love stories which end in death or separation makes me dwell the more thankfully on my own happiness. It is no wonder that I am sanguine in all circumstances, and that I trust the love and care of our Almighty Father; for has he not blessed me far beyond my deserts in giving me such a share of human happiness as falls to the lot of few?

I think we are well fitted to help each other. No words can express what you are to me. On the other hand, I may be able to cheer you in moments of sadness and despondency, when the evils of this world press heavily upon you, and your strength is not sufficient to enable you to rise up and do anything to relieve them, as you fain would do."

George Butler, Canon of Winchester, was one of ten children born to Dr. Butler, Dean of Peterboro'. The father was like the son in many respects, notably in his wonderful constitution and readiness to help those in distress. George Butler was well born, well educated, and well trained. In mind and body he was exceptionally gifted. Mr. Froude wrote: "He was the most variously gifted man in body and mind that I ever knew; and every gift that he had he cultivated to the utmost of his power. He was first-rate in all manly exercises. He rode, shot, skated, played cricket and tennis. He was a fine swimmer and fencer."

When he was tutor at Durham, Mrs. Butler says:

"His excellence in athletic exercises and his love for outdoor pursuits were a bond of sympathy with the boys, which sometimes produced happy results. Their feeling was expressed on one occasion by some of their number burning with the end of a red-hot poker, on the outside of the strong oak-door of his lofty apartment in the castle, 'Butler is a brick.'"

Mr. Froude writes: "We shared each other's tastes and amusements, on mountain and on river bank. We also shared our misfortunes; for he nursed me when I caught small-pox in Ireland, and himself took the fever after me."

He was a very tender nurse; they were in poor quarters, but he made the best of the situation, wrapping his friend Froude in his own plaid when the night was cold, and watching over him with brotherly affection.

But it would be an injustice to Canon Butler to lay undue stress upon his athletic prowess. After he had passed over to the other side, the Lord Chief Justice of England, who was his friend in life and who was one of the most conspicuous mourners at his funeral, wrote to Mrs. Butler the following tribute to her husband's memory:

"I have often said he was a man more remarkable in himself

than anything he ever did or wrote; a man so perfect in character, so full and varied in accomplishments, in whom the absence of angularities makes it difficult to describe him in a way which would vividly impress others."

In 1851, he wrote to his father: "If I should ever take orders, I don't mean to be a mere parson; for, if I were like some of them whom I know, I should cease to be a man. I shall never wear straight waistcoats, long coats, and stiff collars! I think all dressing up and official manner are an affectation; while great strictness in outward observances interferes with the devotion of the heart."

He was all through life as fearless as a lion in the advocacy of what he considered to be the truth. During the American Civil War he and his wife found themselves practically boycotted at Oxford because of the zeal and fervour with which they espoused the cause of the Union. It was a kind of preparatory initiation into the fate in store for them when they had to stand alone in support of a still more unpopular cause in their own country.

Addressing the assembled clerics, he said:

"If we constantly take the wrong side, if we are found continually acting in opposition to the conscience of the mass of the people, in public questions; if we walk in the steps of those, whether Baptists or Churchmen, Kings or Parliaments, who burnt the martyrs, drove out Wesley and Whitefield, taxed the American Colonies, upheld slavery, trafficked in Church preferments, supported monopolies, withstood the application of our endowments to purposes of general education, tied up land by vexatious laws, connived at drunkenness and made vice easy and professedly safe, by law, then I think the time is not far off when the cry will come from all parts of the United Kingdom against the Church of England: "Away with it! why cumbers it the ground?"

It is not very surprising that the result of attempting to speak such plain truths in the hearing of his clerical brethren, led to such an uproar that he was obliged to desist from the reading of his paper. Mrs. Butler says:

"We had heard, many times before, rude and defiant cries and noisy opposition at crowded meetings, but never so deep and angry a howl as now arose from the throats of a portion of the clergy of the National Church."

The men who howled him down at the Church Congress twenty years ago, probably feel to-day what Paul thought of the conduct of one Saul, who held the clothes of those who stoned Stephen and consented to his death.

Mrs. Butler was called to her life-work by the bitterness of a great sorrow. Her only and idolized daughter fell over the balustrade of their house at Cheltenham and was almost instantly killed. With the burden of this terrible bereavement upon them, the Butlers removed to Liverpool.

I became possessed with an irresistible desire to go forth and find some pain keener than my own—to meet with people more unhappy than myself (for I knew there were thousands of such). I did not exaggerate my own trial; I only knew that my heart ached night and day and that the only solace possible would seem to be to find other hearts which ached night and day, and with more reason than mine.

She had not far to seek. She went down to the oakum sheds where some two hundred women and girls of the town were sent to pick oakum in an immense gloomy

vault. On her first visit she sat on the stone floor and picked oakum with the girls till her fingers ached. Having made friends with them, she asked them to learn a few verses to say on her next visit. She says:

I remember a dark, handsome girl standing up in our midst, among the damp refuse and lumps of tarred rope, and repeating without a mistake and in a not unmusical voice, clear and ringing, that wonderful fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel—the words of Jesus all through, ending with "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." She had selected it herself; and they listened in perfect silence, this audience—wretched, draggled, ignorant, criminal, some; and wild and defiant, others. The tall, dark-haired girl had prepared the way for me; and I said, "Now let us all kneel, and cry to that same Jesus who spoke those words;" and down on their knees they fell, every one of them, reverently, on that damp stone floor, some saying the words after me, others moaning and weeping. It was a strange sound, that united wail—continuous, pitiful, strong—like a great sigh or murmur of vague desire and hope, issuing from the heart of despair, piercing the gloom and murky atmosphere of that vaulted room, and reaching to the heart of God.

From these meetings in the oakum shed sprang her home of rest. Of the wonderful experiences which she had, notably with one poor girl, Marion, a nineteenth-century Magdalen, not unworthy to be named with her who followed Jesus, I must refer the reader to the book itself. "I had a daughter once," she said to the poor girl. "Will you come with me to my home, and live with me?" Marion died in three months, but with death's prophetic eye—

"Marion had 'prophesied' to me, before she died, of hard days and a sad heart which were in store for me, in contending against the evil to which she had fallen a victim. I recall her words with wonder and comfort. She would say: 'When your soul quails at the sight of the evil, which will increase yet awhile, dear Mrs. Butler, think of me and take courage. God has given me to you, that you may never despair of any.'"

Long before, when at Oxford, Mrs. Butler had been horrified at the tone of Oxford celibate society on such subjects:

On one occasion, when I was distressed by a bitter case of wrong inflicted on a very young girl, I ventured to speak to one of the wisest men—so esteemed—in the University, in the hope that he would suggest some means, not of helping her, but of bringing to a sense of his crime the man who had wronged her. The sage, speaking kindly, however, sternly advocated silence and inaction: "It could only do harm to open up in any way such a question as this; it was dangerous to arouse a sleeping lion."

Mrs. Butler wrote: "Every instinct of womanhood within me was already in revolt against certain accepted theories in society, and I suffered as only God and the faithful companion of my life could ever know."

The toils and conflicts of the years that followed were light in comparison with the anguish of that first plunge into the full realization of the villainy there is in the world, and the dread of being called to oppose it. Like Jonah, when he was charged by God with a commission which he could not endure to contemplate, "I fled from the face of the Lord." I

worked hard at other things—good works, as I thought—with a kind of half-conscious hope that God would accept that work, and not require me to go farther, and run my heart against the naked sword which seemed to be held out. But the hand of the Lord was upon me: night and day the pressure increased.

At last she surrendered to the imperious voice of duty. But it seemed to her so cruel to have to involve her husband in the suffering and sorrow which she knew she would have to face.

I could not bear the thought of making my dear companion a sharer of the pain! yet I saw that we must needs be united in this as in everything else. I had tried to arrange to suffer alone, but I could not act alone, if God should indeed call me to action. It seemed to me cruel to have to tell him of the call, and to say to him that I must try and stand in the breach. My heart was shaken by the foreshadowing of what I knew he would suffer. I went to him one evening when he was alone, all the household having retired to rest. I recollect the painful thoughts that seemed to throng that passage from my room to his study. I hesitated, and leaned my cheek against his closed door; and as I leaned, I prayed. Then I went in, and gave him something I had written, and left him. I did not see him till the next day. He looked pale and troubled, and for some days was silent. But by-and-bye we spoke together about it freely, and (I do not clearly recollect how or when) we agreed together that we must move in the matter, and an appeal must be made to the people.

He had pondered the matter, and looking straight, as was his wont, he saw only a great wrong, and a deep desire to redress that wrong—a duty to be fulfilled in fidelity to that impulse, and in the cause of the victims of the wrong: and his whole attitude in response to my words cited above, expressed, "Go! and God be with you."

The story of the holy war upon which they were entered is too long to be even outlined here. Suffice to say that having once put their hands to the plough, they never drew back, until after seventeen years the Acts were blotted from off the Statute Book which they had polluted.

In this matter women have placed their feet upon the "Rock of Ages," and nothing will force them from their position. They knew full well what a cross they would have to bear, but they resolved to take up that cross, despising the shame. It was women who followed Christ in his death, and remained with him while others forsook him; and there are such women among us now.

THE WORLD.

By day she wooes me, soft, exceeding fair:
  But all night as the moon so changeth she;
  Loathsome and foul with hideous leprosy,
And subtle serpents gliding in her hair.
By day she wooes me in the outer air,
  Ripe fruits, sweet flowers, and full satiety:
  But through the night a beast she grins at me,
A very monster, void of love and prayer.
By day she stands a lie: by night she stands,
  In all the naked horror of the truth,
With pushing horns and clawed and clutching hands.
Is this a friend indeed; that I should sell
  My soul to her, give her my life and youth,
Till my feet, cloven too, take hold on hell?

—*Christina G. Rossetti.*

GOD'S GLORY IN THE HEAVENS.*

BY CHARLES A. YOUNG, LL.D.,

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II.

In our previous article we considered the spatial extent of the universe as illustrating the tremendous meaning of the Divine omnipresence. The time-scale of the universe matches its vastness. "Our little lives are rounded by a sleep." Not so with the life, the genesis, growth, maturity, and decay of worlds and systems. The cycles of the stellar universe are as far beyond the power of human conception as are its distances.

As we study in the geological record the history of our own small globe we find that even after it became a world, ages upon ages, millions upon millions of years, must have been occupied in fitting it for human habitation. It may not yet be possible to reckon with certainty the time consumed in each successive stage, and so to fix the length of the creative days, but it is clear beyond all question that the whole summed-up duration of the earth bears some such ratio to a human life as the earth's huge bulk to that of a human body.

And when we consider the present condition and peculiarities of the solar system, recognizing in it the evident traces of a formative process, facts and phenomena which seem to mark it as a growth rather than a structure, and when we consider how gradual and slow such a process must have been, then I say we are forced to conclude that even the ages of the earth's existence as a habitable globe can be but a fraction of the time elapsed since the system itself took form and order. In the heavens we find bodies in all the various stages of our system's history. There are nebulae which are mere formless clouds of luminous gas; others that are more or less globular and partly condensed around a star-like point; some are like spiral whirlpools; and there are some, of which the great nebula in Andromeda is the most conspicuous example, in which we have what seems to be a central globe with whirling rings around it, like the strange appendages of Saturn, which first suggested to Laplace his famous theory of planetary evolution. There are certain stars also, like those in the Pleiades, with wisps of nebulosity attached to them, reminding us of newly hatched fledglings, not yet quite freed from the adhering shell.

And if we classify the stars by the character of their light, we find some with spectra intermediate between those of nebulae and finished suns; others whose spectra match that of the sun with precise exactitude; and others yet whose spectra suggest an intenser heat and a more dazzling radiance than even that of our own central orb. Still others seem to be on the downward grade and verging to extinction. Perhaps one of the most remarkable results of the work of the past few years is the almost certain demonstration of the existence of stars which, in mass and bulk, resemble the bright stars near them, but them-

* This remarkable article, condensed from parts of a thrilling lecture by this distinguished American astronomer, is reproduced from that excellent monthly, the *Homiletic Review*. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

selves are dark* and utterly invisible. One cannot say for sure that they have lost their light, because we have no absolute knowledge that they were ever luminous; presumably, however, they were; and now, their usefulness as suns outlived, they await changes by which, as in all other departments of the creation, the remains of those which have perished are utilized in the building up of new forms and activities; or possibly some sort of stellar resurrection by which they themselves shall be restored to the ranks of the shining ones.

It is true that individual stars and systems indeed give clear indications that they are by no means eternal; it is not impossible that hereafter men may find out the figures that measure their existence. But the great whole, it must be that its duration exceeds as much the countless ages of the life of any single system as that of the entire human race surpasses that of any one man. In time, as well as in space, the Divine presence and activity declares itself as transcending all limits we can fathom.

What now is to be said of the power of God as revealed in the astronomical universe ?

When we consider the forces which act between the heavenly bodies, their tremendous masses and the swiftness with which they move, we find that the figures which express the so-called molar energy of the universe (i.e., the energy of masses as opposed to that of molecules), are utterly beyond conception; on the same stupendous scale as the measures of space and time.

Add to this molar energy the "molecular energy" of heat and light, of electric and magnetic activity, and that of chemical affinities, energies acting either within the celestial bodies themselves, or radiating from world to world through the depths of space —and the result is simply overwhelming.

Attempt, for instance, a comparison between the energy expended in driving across the ocean the largest vessel of the Atlantic steam-fleet, and that stored up in the axial revolution of the moon; we find that this stored-up energy of the slowly turning little satellite, which occupies a whole month in each rotation, exceeds the other in the proportion of more than fifty millions to one. The earth's energy of axial rotation is more than eight hundred thousand times as great as that of the moon, and the energy of her orbital motion, as she darts along at the speed of eighteen and a half miles a second, exceeds the rotational energy by more than eleven thousand times.

What shall we say then as to the accumulated energy of such a planet as the swiftly whirling giant Jupiter? Or that of the sun and its attendant planets in their vast journey through inter-stellar space with a velocity at least twenty-five times as great as that of a cannon-ball? What then must be the total energy of all the spinning, rushing universe of stars and systems !

Again, think of the heat-energy of the universe (to consider no other form of molecular activity) ; recall that every square yard of the surface of our sun is pouring off continuously more than five times as much power as that exerted by the great engines of the Campania at her highest speed; and then remember the millions upon millions of other suns as great and fiercely hot as ours.

Consider too the forces—the

* As to the number of these non-luminous stars there is some reason to suppose, with Sir Robert Ball, that they may far outnumber those that shine.

pulls and pushes—that pervade and control the universe; how in some mysterious way each separate atom of the mighty whole is urged toward every other atom by what we call "attraction," a name to express a fact, and at the same time to hide our ignorance. To one who has not thought much about it this attraction seems a very simple thing, and in a sense it is simple; a fundamental fact, as certain as the results of the most elementary mathematics, and no more to be called in question, cranks to the contrary notwithstanding; and yet it remains an inscrutable mystery, one that defies all attempts at explanation as obstinately as the kindred problem, how the indwelling spirit of a man or an animal calls into action and controls the action of the muscles, and so is able to act upon, and push or pull, the material masses around him. In the last analysis I think we shall be compelled to recognize all the forces and energies of nature as in some way manifestations of the power of the omnipresent, omnipotent, omniscient Deity.

Even if it should become clear hereafter that all the inter-atomic forces, all the pushes and pulls of the universe, are only various consequences of the constitution of the hypothetical, mysterious, space-filling "ether" of the physicists, the conclusion would remain untouched.*

Once more the whole astronomical universe manifests not only power, but intelligence and wisdom. Our planetary system is an orderly organization, governed by laws of extreme simplicity and beauty—laws which our human intelligence delights to search out, recognize, and apply in scientific prophecy.

And while the stellar system is different and much more complicated, so that as yet we can only partly comprehend its plan (as being that of a vast republic rather than a despotism ruled by one central, solar, dominating power), yet here also we catch glimpses of divine symmetries, and, like far-off music only faintly heard, we begin to make out the harmonies, intricate, but exquisite, of the multitudinous chorus of the stars.

It is something more than merely fortunate that we and what we can do are so proportioned to the universe, and our powers of observation so limited, that we can perceive in the heavens no trace of the little ripples in the progress of astronomical phenomena; otherwise we should be hopelessly confused. We are made so small in size and power that we can exercise our freedom to the utmost, and disturb things as much as we are able, without obscuring the manifestation of the heavenly laws; we can do no more mischief than flies on a locomotive, and may be allowed, so to speak, to play with the universe as much as we please.

It is, however, I think, from the philosophical point of view worth noting as we pass, that the astronomical prediction of events can never be absolutely precise, unless indeed we are to adopt the strict necessitarian theory of so-called voluntary action. If our means of observation were delicate enough to enable us to note the million-millionths of a second as easily as we now note the single seconds themselves, an accurate almanac would be impossible. The majestic course of even astronomical events is really

* If space permitted I should be glad to quote here a short, but most suggestive, paper by Sir John Herschel. It is entitled "Atoms," and may be found in his "Familiar Lectures upon Scientific Subjects," of which a new edition has recently been published.

(though at present only imperceptibly) swerved and disturbed by causes which are unpredictable, such as the actions of animals and men. One cannot build a house, or even throw a stone, without, in fact, and to some extent, changing the length of the day; to say nothing of the immensely greater disturbances due to such natural causes as storms, volcanoes, and earthquakes.

One other point remains to be briefly noticed: how the unity of God declares itself in astronomical phenomena. Identity of substance and of law, similarity of plan and purpose, run through the whole material universe. As to material, the only celestial specimens, the only pieces of non-terrestrial matter upon which we can actually place our hands, are the meteorites which from time to time fall upon the earth. It may perhaps not be quite certain that they all have had their origin outside the solar system, but the prevailing opinion is that they come to us from far beyond, from the depths of inter-stellar space. Now we do not find in them a single chemical element unknown upon the earth; nor any combination of elements inconsistent with the laws of terrestrial chemistry. We do find, however, many new compounds in the form of minerals which are never met with elsewhere, and seem to have been formed under conditions very different from those which exist upon our planet. Their whole testimony, tho' not absolutely conclusive, is relevant and weighty so far as it goes, and indicates a wide-spread identity of matter and of law.

The more recent evidence of the spectroscope bears in the same direction with still more force, and with a far wider reach. We can not enter here into extended explanations how the light of every shining body carries with it a more or less satisfactory record of its constitution and condition. It is enough to say that the lovely ribbon of colour which we call its "spectrum" is marked with transverse lines and bands, sometimes bright and sometimes dark, and these are characters which, to those who can read them, tell more or less completely the story of its state and nature.

Now in the spectra of the heavenly bodies, of the sun and stars and nebulae, we find the clear record of the presence of familiar elements. Here and there, it is true, we meet with undecipherable characters, some of which may possibly indicate bodies unknown upon the earth; though the recent identification of the long-mysterious "helium" lines in the spectrum of the solar chromosphere warrants some hope that other similar mysteries may in time find an explanation. But always, and most strikingly, stand out the well-known lines of hydrogen and calcium, of sodium, magnesium, and especially of iron, the same which are the most conspicuous in the spectrum of the sun; and Rowland says that if the earth were heated to the solar temperature its spectrum would be substantially the same as that of the sun itself. The signatures of many of our terrestrial metals are written upon some of the remotest stars as plainly as any monumental inscription. Sirius and Vega, indeed a large majority of the nearer stars, exhibit hydrogen as distinctly as any bell-jar upon the laboratory table; and in its luminous properties this stellar hydrogen is identical with the solar, and this with the earthly. The sodium of Arcturus, and the magnesium and iron of Capella, ring out in perfect luminous unison with the same molecules upon the earth.

So also the law of gravitation

appears, with the highest probability, to be actually, though not necessarily, universal. The motions of the double stars are precisely what they ought to be if the same attractions which control the movements of the planets are also dominant in those distant regions; it is true that the demonstration is not yet complete. There are other conceivable laws of force which would produce similar results; but they all involve the improbable supposition that the force which acts between the two stars that constitute a "binary" pair depends upon their direction from each other as well as their distance, and that in a complicated and unreasonable manner. Some years hence, when spectroscopic observations have been longer carried on, it will be possible to settle the question decisively, and there is hardly room for doubt that the outcome will be to show that gravitation fully explains and rules the motions of the stars.

Other ways might be instanced in which the "oneness" of the universe appears; the manner, for instance, in which the stars in all portions of the heavens allow a single consistent classification according to their spectra, the similarity of the forms and characteristics of the nebulae, and, in many cases, the curious connections between stars and nebulae. Identical appearances and behaviours manifest themselves in objects and regions as far apart "as the East is from the West," separated by distances so vast that light itself must require millenniums to traverse them. In short the universe of astronomy, inconceivably immense as it is in time and space, is not an aggregate of differing, discordant, and unrelated parts, but a single homogeneous whole, an orderly "cosmos" of organized activity; and its oneness illustrates and declares the unity of the Creator, the one Eternal, Omnipresent, Omnipotent, All-wise God, glorious forever and ever.

And now, finally, let me for a moment emphasize one other thought that has continually recurred to my own mind, as I presume it has to yours, while we have been considering the great universe of matter, law, and energy revealed to us by the eye and the telescope. This, namely, that, after all, the human mind is greater and more wonderful, higher and nobler, than even the stars of heaven. We are "made in the image of God," an expression the fulness of whose meaning I imagine we shall better understand hereafter. We share his nature and his eternal life. Strange as it sometimes seems when we measure our weakness and littleness against the immensities of the heavens, still it is true that God "is mindful of man, and visits the Son of Man," "in whom is the breath of the Most High." As the poet has expressed it—

"The thoughts of human hearts
Outvie the movements of a million suns,
The rush of systems infinite through space."

THE END.

Nothing, resting in its own completeness,
Can have worth or beauty, but alone
Because it leads and tends to farther sweetness,
Fuller, higher, deeper than its own.

Life is only bright when it proceedeth
Toward a truer, deeper life above;
Human love is sweetest when it leadeth
To a more divine and perfect love.

—*Adelaide Proctor.*

THE MAN TRAP.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST IN LONDON."

CHAPTER I.

THEIR OLD HOME.

It had been a busy day with Joanna Fleming; and she was sitting alone at rest for the last time on her own hearthstone. There was a good deal to think of though her life had been hitherto very quiet and uneventful. The farthest journey she had taken had been one to the county town, when the summer assizes were held, and where she had been a witness in some unimportant law suit. Only once since her marriage had she slept under any other roof than her own. The rocking-chair, on which she was sitting, had been her usual seat ever since her only son was born. She had kindled the fire on the same hearth morning after morning for nearly forty years. The house had grown to her almost as the shell grows upon the snail.

It was a comfortable old cottage, built with thick stone walls, and roofed with thatch. The Flemings had lived in it for nearly three hundred years, as the parish registers testified. Every improvement that had been made was done by their hands. They had laid out the little garden running up the slope of a hill behind the cottage, and planted the filbert trees along the top, which brought in more money than the rent came to every year. The curious old yew trees, one on each side of the garden gate, had been cut and trimmed into shape by some departed Fleming; and the thick box-hedge, slow of growth, had been planted and watched by them. Joanna's husband himself had said, almost with his dying breath, to her and his son—

"Don't you never go away; nor you, nor John. We're too deep-rooted here to live well anywhere else. It'll be like tearing yourselves up by the roots if you forsake the old place; and there'll be a curse upon it."

Joanna was thinking of this as she sat alone the last evening. It did seem like tearing herself up by the roots. The old house was as dear to her as if she had been born a Fleming under the thatched roof; quite as dear, for was not her son born there? and was not her son's birth of more importance than her own? But she had weighed the matter well; and to-morrow she was going away, yes! even if a curse should follow her.

She was an old woman, about sixty years old, with a pleasant and sweet face surrounded by a snow-white muslin cap, under which her white hair was brushed neatly away. There was a dainty cleanliness about her, and about everything under her care. The old furniture, made by a dead Fleming generations ago, shone in the flickering firelight; and upstairs under the thatch was a bed-chamber any towns-people might have envied for its perfect spotlessness. There was no smoke in the fresh air blowing over the countless meadows; and Joanna took care no dust should settle upon any of her property. She must have everything about her as clean as a palace, she said.

But to-morrow she was going to part with the greater portion of her treasures, and pack them away in a corner of a cheese-room in the nearest farm-house, where

they would be free from damp indeed, but where layers of dust would gather on them as week after week passed by. The Squire had promised to keep her cottage empty for a quarter, to give her a chance of coming home to it again; but Joanna did not know that she would ever come back.

Her son, John, had written to her from London, a fortnight ago, telling her his wife was dead; and there was he left with the care of three young children, her grandchildren, with no woman to see after them, the youngest a baby only six months old. She did not grieve much over the death of her daughter-in-law, who had only been once to see her, and that nine years before—a silly, vain, dressy young woman, who scorned the little, old-fashioned cottage, and set John against coming to live in the country again. John's wife was a London-born, London-bred woman; neither Joanna nor her neighbours liked her. But no doubt she had looked after John and his children, and her death must be a great loss to them. There was no one to fill the vacant place save herself.

She had written to her son, first asking him if he would not come home now, and get work in the Hall Gardens, where most of his forefathers had been gardeners, and then offering to go to him, and help him to bring the children and the household goods away. But no reply had come to either letter. To-day she had written to tell him to meet her at a certain hour at Euston Station, and to bring his cab for her and her luggage. For John was a cab-driver, with a cab of his own.

He had left her when he was eighteen years of age, for the young Squire at the Hall, who lived chiefly in London, insisted upon taking him away as his groom. For some years, as long as he kept his place, he had come down every autumn with his master, and stayed through the hunting season; a fine, bright, handsome young man, who made his mother's heart glad by his presence under the old roof. He had been but seldom after his marriage, when he left the young Squire's service, and went under a strange master as coachman, much to Joanna's sorrow. Once he came down after a severe illness in a London hospital to get up his strength again in his native air. But this was the last time, now five years ago; and all she knew of him was from his letters. She had never seen any of her three grandchildren.

Three or four years ago she had sent him all her savings to buy a cab, which was to get him and his family a good living in the future. The Squire had tried to prevent her doing so; but Joanna did not understand his reasons. Who had a right to a mother's savings, if not her only son? The young Squire said little about John after he left his service; London was a big place, he told her, and he never saw her son. It would be like searching for a needle in a bundle of hay. But she thought he might have given him a look now and then, after enticing him away from the home of his fathers.

She was thinking over all these things very deliberately, now and then shaking her head as if in answer to some question she was asking herself, when she heard a light rap at the door, and the latch was lifted as she called out, "Come in."

"Sure, it's never you at this time o' night, sir," she said, with a smile, as the rector of her parish came in. He was one of the Squire's sons; and she had known them all for the last twenty years, when Sir Andrew Drummond had bought the estate. They were

still almost like foreigners to Joanna and her old neighbours; and now and then they lamented that all the old stock was gone. But the Drummonds were rich, and made themselves popular; and Joanna was one of their special favourites.

Mr. Drummond sat down in the chimney corner, in old Fleming's three-cornered arm-chair, and looked across at Joanna's pleasant face with an expression of regret.

"I can't bear you to go," he said, "and you have no idea what London is; a great, wicked, heartless place, where you'll pine to death. Stay with us, Joanna. My father says you shall have the house rent free, and my mother will see you want for nothing as you grow older. I'd see to that; for you don't know how I shall miss you at church."

"Shall you, sir?" she asked, softly.

"Miss you, yes!" he repeated. "Why! I depend upon you being there, whoever else is away. And if there is any one ill in the village, their first cry is for Joanna Fleming. We all look to you for help and kindness. I always think that your help and kindness is true loving-kindness."

"And who should have my help and my kindness more than my son, John, sir?" she said. "It's very good of you all; but night and day I hear my little grandchildren crying, and if London's such a wicked, heartless place how can I leave them a-be? I can't sleep a wink o' nights thinking of the poor little creatures. And John 'll be fine and glad to have me mind his house whilst he's away driving his cab. I look old, but I'm strong; I could do a good day's work yet."

"Suppose you find John altered," said the rector; "and if he's not as good a son to you as he ought to be, and if he's very short of money, and can't keep you in comfort such as you are used to. You must think of possibilities like these, Joanna.

"Ay," she answered, firmly, "I've thought of it all, and I say to myself, who wants me more than John, and who should stand by a man but his mother? If he's poor, and if he's a bad son, it's right for me to go to him and help him with all my might. But who says my son, John, is a bad son?"

"Nobody," he replied, "it was only a supposition. But do your best to bring him back into the country, to his own home. And my father has sent you a parting-gift by me, and he will keep the cottage empty for three months, perhaps longer, in the hope you may come back. So good-bye, and God bless you, Joanna!"

He laid an envelope on the table, and she went with him to the door, and down to the little gate between the two yew trees. The moonlight lay softly on the old cottage, with its high-pitched roof of mossy thatch, and its thick stone walls clasped round with huge stems of ivy like iron bands. The garden in front of it was set with rare old-fashioned flowers, and it was easy to believe that as it looked now, so it had looked through many generations. The tears gathered in the old woman's eyes as she went slowly back to the house-door, and closing it, drew the massive bolts which she had so often shot to and fro.

"We've been here nigh on three hundred years," she said, forgetting that she was not a born Fleming, "and it is plucking one's-self up by the roots."

CHAPTER II.

HER LONELY JOURNEY.

It was a busy morning with Joanna, for her furniture must be stored away in the farm-house cheese-room, and her big chest packed with the clothes and household linen she was taking with her to London. She laid the Squire's gift, a new five-pound note, at the bottom of the chest, and above it the white, scented sheets and cloths she had washed and laid in lavender weeks ago. Her own decent dresses and muslin caps, and black satin bonnet for church-going, and warm grey cloak which Lady Drummond gave her the winter before, were also there. John might think her old-fashioned and countrified, but he could not be ashamed of his old mother; and if he was she would not ask to go out with him in the streets, where his friends and neighbours might laugh at her and him for her sake. Clean and tidy she always was, and would always be, and John knew her too well to expect her to dress in the fashion.

It was four miles to the quiet country station, with flower-borders running alongside the platforms, and the name, "West Woodlands," traced out in huge letters of snail-shells upon the embankment. Behind it lay a wide heath covered with yellow gorse and purple heather, for it was getting late in September, and the autumn flowers were in full blossom. A long line of dark fir trees rose against the blue sky on the horizon, and Joanna could still see the ridge of upland where her home was. She fancied she could make out the black old yew-trees standing like sentinels at her garden gate. Her eyes ached as she strained them for a last glimpse, until the tears made all the landscape dim and blurred.

"Don't go, Joanna," said the neighbours, who had walked with her to the station, "all of us 'll miss you so. Change your mind at the last minute, and come home again. The station-master 'ill give you the money back."

"And what 'ud become of my John and his three little motherless children?" she asked, in the sharp accent of pain. "It lies atween them and my old house. I must be false to one or the other. He won't come to me, so I must go to him. But it 'ill a'most break my heart thinking o' this dear spot when I'm in London. Only if it's the will o' God Almighty, He'll give me courage enough, and comfort enough."

"It's hard to feel so when everything goes wrong," said one of the neighbours. "I can only trust in God Almighty when things are going right."

Before Joanna could answer, the whistle of the coming train was heard, and the bell rang loudly, and there was hurry and confusion, and bewildered farewells, and then she was being borne swiftly away from her old world into quite a new one.

It was her first journey by rail, and she sat stiffly upright on the edge of the seat, with her feet firmly planted on the floor, and holding on to a little blue bundle and her umbrella with all her might. From the moment she started her mind was all confusion and bewilderment. The noise of the engine; the shaking of the carriage; the fields and hedges flying past her; the strange people getting in and out at the little wayside stations; the long hours during which she could do nothing but sit still, with a feeling of painful astonishment. All these things were so unlike anything she had ever experienced before, or anything she could have imagined, that when she reached London she was as utterly perplexed and

troubled as if she had entered a new world indeed.

It was quite dark—had been dark for an hour—but the huge station was lit up almost as light as day with the white, clear radiance of the electric lamps. Hundreds of people were rushing to and fro, and a long line of cabs were moving briskly up and down, and carrying away the crowds with their piles of baggage. Joanna Fleming stood still, pretty nearly on the spot where she had alighted with her fellow-passengers, gazing about her with a feeling of utter helplessness. John was not there! Every cab that rattled past her gave her a hope that she would hear his voice calling out to her. But nobody seemed to see her; nobody except herself stood still for an instant, and she dared not stop any of these hurrying folks to ask them a question. What could she do? She had never thought of John failing to meet her. There was a whirl and rush all about her for some minutes; and then, suddenly it seemed, all had vanished, and no one was to be seen save a few porters loitering on the long platform, and her own big box standing alone at a little distance from her. One of the porters came up to her.

"Now, mother!" he said kindly, "is nobody come to meet you?"

At the sound of his friendly voice, Joanna's ebbing courage came back to her. She could not be very far from her son, now she had reached London, and she had only to find him and all would be right for her.

"I'm looking round for my son," she answered; "maybe you know him? He's called John Fleming, and he's a cab-driver. I thought he'd be sure to meet me with his cab."

"Perhaps he's up yonder," said the porter, pointing to a few distant cabs at the other end of the platform. "Hello! anybody know John Fleming, cab-driver?"

But none of the cabmen stirred or answered, and the porter came back to Joanna, who was now standing beside her box.

"Where does John live, mother?" he inquired.

"It's No. 19 Gibraltar Court, Gibraltar Street, Whitechapel," she answered. "Is it far away from here?"

"A matter of four or five miles," he said, "and you'd better go in a cab. If you sent your box by the carriers, and went by 'bus, you'd have to change at the Mansion House. So being a stranger, you'd better take a cab."

"I'll wait a little while for John," she answered, "maybe something's kept him."

She sat down on her box, and waited patiently, but with a sinking heart. Her limbs were very weary, and her head ached, if this dull pain in it was what people called headache; she had never felt it before in all her life. Surely this was a foreign, outlandish country; not England. The England she knew was made up of fields and hedges, hills and little rivulets, with farm-houses and pretty cottages dotted about, and the sun or moon shedding a natural light over them all. Could it be true that she was still in England?

She felt this doubt still more when she was sitting in a cab, and driving through the miles of streets which stretched between the station and Whitechapel. She was looking out for the houses and shops to come to an end, and for the fields and hedges to begin. There were endless rows of shops, past which were hurrying a rushing, pushing crowd, instead of the dark trees and quiet lanes such as she had often trodden alone at this time of night. Harsh voices

were all around her in place of the soft sweep of the evening wind, and the low twittering of birds under the eaves; a glow of yellow light and black fog overhead, instead of the dim starry sky that was hanging over the old homestead. There were clusters of men and women hanging round the brilliant houses at the corners of the streets, which shone far brighter than the shops, and children sitting in the dirt at the curbstones. By-and-bye, these corner houses grew more numerous, and the groups of people about them more wretched looking. And at length the cab turned sharply round a corner, where the light streamed gaily through many a window, and passed slowly and carefully down a badly-paved and dark court. Then the driver came to open the door, and said to her—

"No. 19 Gibraltar Court; and my fare's four shillings.' '

CHAPTER III.

HIS HOME IN LONDON.

Several of the men and women who were loitering outside the spirit vaults at the corner had followed the cab, so rare was the appearance of such a conveyance in the Court; and still more had rushed out of their houses, and thrown open their windows, at the sound of wheels. Joanna descended amidst a little crowd, which she could only dimly see in the general darkness. There was no more than one lamp in the centre of the Court, and few of the windows displayed any light. There was a babel of voices around her; and it was with some difficulty she made the cabman understand that the house she wanted was John Fleming's.

"Does anybody know John Fleming?" shouted the driver above the din.

"Why! that's me!" answered a husky voice, and a tall, stooping, haggard man thrust his way through the crowd; "who wants John Fleming? Good heavens!" he cried, in a tone of horror, "why! it's mother!"

To Joanna's ear his voice sounded as if it had been that of an angel from heaven. She threw her arms around him, and pressed him to her heart, whilst for a moment or two the bystanders stood silent, neither laughing nor jeering.

"Yes, it's mother, my boy!" she said, sobbing. "I couldn't bear to leave you alone with the little children, and nobody to mind them. Take me into your house, John; I'm very tired, but I'm thankful I came."

"I wrote to-day to tell you not to come," he answered, in a low tone. But she did not hear him. The cabman had shut the door if his cab, and stood with his back against it.

"You take care o' your traps, missis," he said gruffly, "or they'll be gone before you can turn round. Here, John Fleming; you catch hold of your mother's things, and choose who'll carry the box in. I won't leave my cushions and whip, or anything that is loose, in a place like this. I never see such a place for a decent old woman like this to come into."

There was an angry snarl from the crowd; but a policeman was standing at the entrance of the Court, plainly visible in the bright light; and the cabman lowered the box from the top of his cab, and went away in peace. Then John Fleming drew his mother's trembling arm through his own, which was no steadier than hers, and led her up a staircase feebly lighted by a low gas-jet enclosed in a wire

frame. It seemed a large house to Joanna; and they had passed five or six rooms when she stopped him at the top of the second flight of stairs.

"Let me be somewhere near you, John," she said; "anywhere will do for me, so it's near you. Don't put yourself about for me. You've got a big house, and any room in it will be good enough for me."

"No, mother," he answered, and his voice shook, "I've not got many rooms for you to choose from. I couldn't have a whole house to myself in London. All these rooms are let to other lodgers; and I've got no more than one room, up in the attics, for me and the children."

He pointed out a staircase, almost as steep as a ladder, too narrow for them to go up it together; and his mother, with her weary limbs and aching head, followed him, and stood beside him as he slowly unlocked the door. But she was not thinking of her weariness and headache. Her heart was full of the gladness and relief of being with John; so full of this that she could not grasp the meaning of his last words.

There was no gleam of fire or candle-light when the door was at last opened; but a child's drowsy voice said, sleepily, but in a frightened tone, "We've all gone to bed, father. Do you want anything?" Joanna's voice leaped at the sound of this voice! her grandchild—the child of her son John! How many a time had she thought of her unknown grandchildren, and fancied to herself what they were like; always picturing them in her mind as being what their father had been when he was her little son. There were three of them living, and two dead, whom she would never see in this life, and over whose early deaths she had shed bitter tears, grieving most of all that she had never looked upon their little faces. But now she was about to see those who were left. No; she was no longer tired with the journey. All the bewilderment and confusion she had come through cleared away and rolled into the past, in the one thought that now she was at home with her dear son and his little children. In another moment there would be a light, and she would clasp them in her arms, and kiss them—yes! and cry over them a little, especially over the baby, poor little creature, who was only six months old, and had lost its mother!

John was fumbling about, muttering to himself, but unable to strike a match, when the child's voice spoke again in a tone no longer drowsy, but still frightened.

"Father!" it said, distinctly enough, "if you'll promise not to hit me, I'll light the candle."

Did she hear aright? She was a trifle dull of hearing, but the words sounded plainly. She felt as if the bewilderment was not quite gone, and her heart sank a little. She saw the flickering of a match, and the lighting of a farthing candle, which gave only a feeble glimmer around the room, but lighted up the face of the child who held it, and the face of her son.

But could this man be her son? Her boy, of whom she was so fond and proud! This grey, haggard, squalid man, so plainly a drunkard. She had never seen a man look so bad as this! His thin hair hung in matted, uncombed tufts about his head, his skin was yellow and furrowed, and his eyes bleared and red. She could see his hands trembling as if he had the palsy; and he gazed across at her with an expression of low terror and shame, as if he had been a criminal face to face with his judge. The little girl holding the candle, and

screening the flame with her hand, was famished looking, and her eyes too were red and sunk, as if with many tears, and she cowered away out of reach of her father's hand, so occupied with watching every movement of his that she did not perceive there was another person in the room. There was no furniture in the wretched place, except a broken table and a chair with the seat almost worn out of it; but in one corner was a hideous heap of straw and rags in which two younger children lay asleep. Joanna stepped across to this bed, and stooped over it; but children so miserable, and pinched, and dirty she had never seen, and looking down on them the old woman wrung her hands, and broke into bitter tears. Was this her son, and were these her grandchildren ?

"Ay! it's a hell upon earth !" said John Fleming, speaking more to himself than to her, "and it's my making!"

And suddenly the memory of his own home in the country, his mother's home, awoke within him; and he saw it as distinctly as this dreary and miserable home, which was what he had provided for his children. He cursed the day, as he had done thousands of times before, when the young Squire had persuaded him to come to London as his groom.

"Are these my grandchildren ?" asked his mother, with a heavy sob.

At the sound of her voice the girl who held the candle in her hand turned sharply round, and looked at her in stupid astonishment. The child seemed afraid of her, and drew back, even cowering nearer to her father, as if she dreaded some new trouble. Joanna held out her arms towards her.

"It's little Ally, I'm thinking," she said, "my dear, I'm your grandmother, and I'm come to take care of you all. Didn't nobody ever speak to you of your granny, an old woman that lived in the country ? I want to kiss you, my dear. Don't be afraid of me, never !"

She drew slowly towards her, and took the shrinking little girl in her arms, holding her fast to her bosom, with the bitter tears still stealing down her withered face. Joanna was again in a state of strange bewilderment, and her brain could not understand all at once the meaning of what she saw. There had been a few minutes, after she heard her son's voice, and felt his arm supporting her, when everything had appeared right again. She had found a refuge and a shelter. But now a worse confusion, a more stupefying amazement took possession of her. This man, who was so unlike her boy of whom she was so proud, was her son; he recognized her as his mother, and in spite of all the change her own heart claimed him as her son. This home she had come so far to tend was a miserable and filthy hole; and the children—where then were the pretty, rosy little creatures she had dreamed of, full of merry, playful ways ? This ragged, shivering child, Ally, looked as if she had never laughed; and those squalid babies, grimy with dirt, could never have played and danced in their mother's arms, and crowed in their father's face. Yet Joanna knew that she had found her son, and her son's home, and her son's children.

"John," she said, sinking down in the only chair, for she trembled too much to stand any longer, "I'm come to live with you, and take care of you, now poor Susan's dead. You couldn't get along alone with three children, I knew;

and I couldn't rest at home for thinking of you. So I'm come to stop."

"No, mother, no!" he cried, "you can't stop in a little hell like this. No! you must go home again. You're too good; you don't know what a set of scoundrels and wretches we are. You must go away to-morrow."

"Not to-morrow, John; no, not till we can all go together," she answered, "I must be where you are, my dear. But the Squire's promised to keep the old house empty for a quarter; and we'll all go home together. Yes, we'll go home, John."

"I couldn't earn my living in the country," he said, huskily.

"I thought you'd got a cab," said his mother, "and was earning a deal o' money by it. Isn't that how you get your living?"

"Not now," he answered, "I lost my license, and now I pick up odd jobs; anything for a penny. I pay three times as much for this hole as you pay for the house at home; and it's cruel hard work to get along anyhow. But we'll talk about things to-morrow. Ally, you run and tell Mrs. Christy your granny is come; and can she make her a cup o' tea, and lend us some cups and saucers, and I'll pay to-morrow for certain. And, Ally, ask her can granny sleep with her this one night? And see if the Gibraltar's shut up for the night, and be as sharp as you can. Never mind, though, I'll go and look if the Gibraltar is shut up for myself."

"Don't go away and leave me to-night, John," said his mother, laying her tremulous hand on his arm, "sit down, and stay with me, for everything is strange but you."

He crouched down on the floor beside her, and she drew his head to rest upon her lap, where it had so often rested when he was a little lad, and they sat by the fire on winter evenings watching the logs burn. She laid her hand upon it, stroking the thin matted hair, as she had been used to stroke the thick brown curls in old days. Every touch of her fingers went to John's heart, for he had always dearly loved his mother. But neither of them spoke or moved till Ally's step was heard on the staircase, and then he rose up, and busied himself in giving her some tea. Ally looked on with large round eyes of astonishment; her father's gentleness almost frightened her.

A VAGABOND SONG.

There is something in the autumn that is native to my blood—
Touch of manner, hint of mood;
And my heart is like a rime,
With the yellow and the purple and the crimson-keeping time.

The scarlet of the maples can shake me like a cry
Of bugles going by,
And my lonely spirit thrills
To see the frosty asters like smoke upon the hills.

There is something in October sets the gypsy blood astir:
We must rise and follow her,
When from every hill of flame
She calls and calls each vagabond by name.

—*Bliss Carman.*

HIRAM GOLF'S RELIGION.

SHOEMAKER BY THE GRACE OF GOD.

BY GEORGE H. HEPWORTH, D.D.

CHAPTER III.

IS IT A VALE OF TEARS?

After a rather lugubrious "Good-evenin', Marthy Golf," Cynthia Griffin laid her sunbonnet on the table and sat down with an air of general weariness. She had pretty nearly everything that is absolutely necessary to human happiness, but seemed to think it a duty to be miserable. Tom, her husband, was a good-natured fellow, who did not go to church as often as he should, partly, I fear, because his anxious wife constantly reminded him that he and she and all the rest of mankind had nothing to fear so much as the terrors of the Lord. He unconsciously reasoned with himself that if there was no hope for the future he might as well have as good a time as possible in the present life. A well-to-do-workman, with two dollars a day, he had a cozy little house of his own, a small mortgage on it of four hundred dollars, and a couple of children who chirped when he came home, like a couple of young thrushes.

Cynthia had a saturnine temperament. That was not her fault, but it was certainly a great misfortune. She had a fixed habit of always looking for and dwelling on the dark side—was one of that class of Christians who make their religion as disagreeable and discouraging as possible, the class who prefer a drizzling rain to sunshine. If you said to her, "Cynthia, it's a lovely day," she would instantly reply, "Yes, but it's brewin' a storm." She never quite managed to get the feeling into her heart that God is our Father; she was afraid of Him, and lived in constant expectation of some calamity. The Lord's Prayer did not convey any idea to her mind, but some of the Psalms of David stimulated her imagination and at the same time depressed her. Her faith, if the word can be properly used in such cases, was of the sombre sort, which tends to make the conscientious timid and heavy-hearted, and all others indifferent.

She had so often reminded Tom that life is nothing but a vale of tears, that he went altogether too frequently to the corner saloon to drown his grief over the fact. He would regard it as presumption to contradict her, for was not she a member of the church, while he was a brand not yet plucked from the burning? He had long ago begun to feel that religion and personal discomfort are as closely allied as cause and effect. He was willing to admit that religion is absolutely necessary, but regarded it as something to be postponed to old age, when the tombstones in the churchyard became unpleasantly suggestive.

When Cynthia had ensconsed herself in an arm-chair, Martha placed by her side a glass of fresh milk and some crullers. She enjoyed the little collation, and munched the crullers with a keen appetite, but could not quite repress the feeling that enjoyment of any kind was to some extent sinful. She managed, however, to dispose of both crullers and milk, and then took out her knitting with the air of one who has

committed a misdeed, and after a long-drawn sigh made her usual remark about the vale of tears.

Hiram had taken in the scene from his shoemaker's bench, and seemed to enjoy it. He chuckled to himself as he drove in the next half dozen pegs, but could not help saying:

"Cynthy, was that milk sour?"

"Why, Hiram, it was jest as sweet as could be," was the reply.

"And was the crullers to your taste, Cynthy? I hope Marthy hasn't been passin' off any of day-before-yesterday's crullers on a neighbour."

"They was jest splendid, Hiram. Cooked this mornin', wasn't they, Marthy?"

The housewife nodded, and her mouth twitched quizzically, for she was accustomed to Hiram's peculiarities.

"Got the dyspepsy, Cynthy?" persisted Hiram.

"Not as I know of; why, Hiram?"

"'Cos the minute you swallered them things they seemed to disagree with you, and you said that eatin' crullers and drinkin' sweet milk was a vale of tears."

"No, Hiram Golf, I didn't mean that, and you know I didn't; but I think it's always well to keep in mind that the enjoyments of this life is jest vanity of vanities, that's all."

"'Tain't so, Cynthy, 'tain't so. That sentiment ain't founded in fact, and it ain't authorized by the Lord. There's no use to put on a pair of blue spectacles to look at the gifts of God with."

The poor woman was startled, and came very near dropping a stitch.

"When I hear you talkin' in that way, Cynthy," resumed Hiram, "I wonder if some fatal accident has happened to the Holy Spirit that I don't know nothin' about. A vale of tears? Wall, yes, it is to some people, but to the soul that is in Christ, and feels as safe as your baby does when it is in your arms, the world is so full of beauty and gladness that we can't see no end to 'em.

"Now, Cynthy," and Hiram took up another shoe and examined it carefully, "you think too much about your poor miserable self, and too little about God. I've knowed you for a long ten year, and nobody can say but you're a good woman and a good mother. Why are you always afraid that somethin' will happen to God so he can't do what he says he will? That's what ails you, and it's jest as much a disease as the mumps, and it's about as painful."

At that moment, under cover of the darkness, a forlorn, haggard-looking tramp came up the steps, hat in hand. He was a woe-begone creature, young in years, old in experience, and his glance was furtive, like that of a hunted animal who expected the dogs to pounce upon him at any moment.

"Mister, will you give me something to eat?" he half whispered. "I'm dreadful hungry."

"Wall, my boy," said Hiram, after surveying him for a moment, "you do look as though you'd had a rough time. Here, sit down. Hungry, be ye? Come, Marthy, bustle round and get a slice of that cold ham we had for dinner"—the tramp's eyes opened wide—"and bring a nice bowl of bread-and-milk." The tramp apparently thought he had suddenly entered a suburb of Paradise.

He was really half famished, and bolted the food with the feeling that the plate, and the ham, and Hiram, and the wife might disappear at any instant, and leave him in the wilderness from which he had just emerged.

The shoemaker sat looking at him. What was there about this forlorn wretch which recalled a

robbery that had been committed two days before in Green Meadow? Was it that the tramp was all ablaze with the crime, and a sensitive nature like Hiram's could smell the smoke thereof? The transmission of thought is a mystery, but also a fact. Hiram was impressed with that idea, and a great pity filled his heart. "Perhaps," he thought, "that younglin' has a mother who is at this very minute lookin' out of the winder and wonderin' where her boy is wanderin'; or perhaps there is a father who would give all he owns to save his wayward child." Hiram's eyes became moist.

"That was a sad affair at Green Meadow on Tuesday, wasn't it?" he remarked casually.

The tramp dropped the piece of bread he held in his hand, and stared at the speaker. The bullet had hit the mark, and you could hear the impact as it struck.

"Yes, you must know about it," he continued. "It's the talk of all the country round. He broke into a house, they say, and carried off some money which the poor farmer had laid up for a rainy day. But that money won't do the robber no good. It'll burn a hole in his pockets, I reckon."

The tramp's eyes turned restlessly from one person to another. "Do they know what I know?" he seemed to be saying to himself. "Will they inform on me? The old man's a cripple, and I could master him easily enough. But if these two women should scream! The woods are a mile and a half away, and I should have to run for it." He looked at Martha and at Cynthia with a quick, inquiring glance. His appetite was gone. Another mouthful of that ham would have choked him. Did he tremble with cold? No, the evening was warm, and the wind was from the south. Then his chest heaved and his lips quivered, and he could hardly contain himself. An expression of agony stole over his face, and he moved restlessly in the chair.

"I'm sorry for that young man," said Hiram. "I ruther guess he must have had a great temptation, and couldn't resist it. It's so much better, though, to be honest. Money that's earned is all right; money that's stolen ain't no good. Then, maybe, the robber was hungry, jest as you are. The world had gone terrible hard with him—who knows? Perhaps he tried to get work and failed. Now he'll be caught and go to gaol, and the old home with the father and mother in it—"

That seemed to be too much for the tramp. He reached down, got his fingers on his slouch hat, sprang like a frightened doe from the veranda, and disappeared in the darkness. Hiram's specters were giving him chase. The chair was empty, the food was only half eaten, and a groan filled the air.

Hiram said sadly, "I wasn't mistook." Then he turned to Cynthia, who had noticed the proceedings with something like terror, and remarked, "Cynthy, you are quite right: under certain circumstances this life is a vale of tears, and it can't be made nothin' else. I reckon it's about that to the poor feller who couldn't stop to eat his vittles. But is it God's fault, Cynthy, or is it his own? Did God make it a vale of tears, or is it the devil's work? That's what I want to know. It's sin in the heart that makes life a failure. There ain't no stars in the sky for that tramp; it's a thunderin' and light-nin' all the time. I shouldn't blame him one bit if he was to sigh, jest as you do, and talk about the terrors of the Lord. He'll find 'em all out before he gets through. 'Tain't in natur that he should sleep easy. He's travelin' a boggy road, and will bring up with a

broken axle after a while. But what business have you, with a house, a husband and children, and trust in the Lord, what business have you to go whimperin' along as though you was out in a drivin' rain without no umbrella, and no hope of reachin' a shelter?"

Fifteen minutes later John Jessig joined the little company.

"I'm not making visits at this time of night, Hiram," he said, "but I heard your cheery voice as I was passing, and concluded to stop in for a bit. What a beautiful night it is! One of the nights when the 'heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork.' I think I never saw so many stars before. They are at mass meeting, I imagine, and there's hardly room for them all."

"Yes, I've been watchin' 'em," responded Hiram. "It's one of them nights when a man can't hold himself in. He feels so small and insignificant, and he wants to say so much that he hain't got words to express. It reminds me of the time when Zadok anointed Solomon king, and when 'the people piped with pipes, and rejoiced with great joy, so that the earth rent with the sound of them.' I tell you, parson, I'd like to be at that meetin' of the stars up yonder, for I'm chock full of rejoicin'. I'm thankful for pretty near everythin', includin' my rheumatism. I don't see how folks can grumble at the Lord on such a night as this. It makes such a grand picter of where we're goin' to be."

"Religion," said John, "is certainly intended to make us contented with our lot."

"That's jest what I've been tellin' Cynthy here. When a man's religion don't make him cheerful, he's got hold of the wrong bottle. He'd better break it, and get another one."

"Wall, it seems to me, Hiram," broke in Cynthia, "that you haven't sech a great sight to boast about. You're only a poor man, anyhow, and—"

"A poor man, am I? I tell you, Cynthy Griffin, I'm one of the richest men in the world."

"Oh, you be, Hiram! I didn't know it, and I guess there's lots of other folks that don't know it, too." There was something contemptuous in her tones.

"Yes, indeed I'm rich. Look at the sky up there! Ain't that mine? Don't I have the use of it while I live?"

"Maybe, Hiram, but I shouldn't say I owned it unless I had a better title than you have.'

"No, I don't exactly own it, but then my Father owns it, and what my Father owns I have a right to enjoy."

Cynthia began to knit very vigorously. After rocking back and forth with some violence, she tossed her head in the air, and remarked, "Seems to me that you're talkin' nonsense, Hiram." Then she looked with a side glance at John for corroboration.

"And I own the Cheroquee," continued Hiram, "and can fill myself full of the scenery along its banks all the year round; and I own the whole range of hills over yonder that the sun creeps behind every afternoon. I watch the crimson glory of God siftin' through the trees, and lift my eyes to the clouds that drop down the west like a veil over the face of a bride, and can't hardly contain myself. 'The earth and the fulness thereof' is a part of my inheritance. No matter how many dollars I may have, I couldn't buy as much scenery as I own now as a free gift."

The minister nodded approval. He never interrupted the shoemaker when he was in such a mood as this. On the contrary, he felt that the pupil was teaching

the teacher, and was gratefully silent.

"Besides all that," said Hiram, aglow with his own thoughts, and speaking with the eloquence of one of Israel's prophets, "I've got this little home, and a grown-up boy who is doin' well out in Montana, and all the work I can do, and all the clothes I want to wear —two whole suits for every day and an extra nice one for Sundays —and all the vittles I can eat. I ain't never too hot in summer, for there's always a breeze comin' across the river, jest like now; and I ain't cold in winter, because I can crawl up close to the stove. Now what more can any reasonable man ask for?"

"I'd like to try my hand at askin'," sneered Cynthia, "if there was any use in it, but I s'pose there ain't."

"Them is only the beginnin' of my possessions," continued Hiram, without heeding.

"Oh, there's more, is there?" and Cynthia shrugged her shoulders. "More of the same sort, I reckon."

"In the last will and testament of my Saviour," said Hiram, "I'm made legal heir to the immortal life. That dockiment is very vallible to me. 'In my Father's house,' he says, 'are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you.' So I've got a place here, and a place there; a house on the earth, and a home in heaven. This great gift is deeded to me, and guaranteed. The title to it can't be disputed in no court."

"I should say you was one of them visionaries," curtly broke in Cynthia.

"If I get down-hearted, a Voice says, 'Let not your heart be troubled.' I listen, and listen, and listen, and by-and-bye it says again, 'I will be with you alway, even to the end of the world.' God and me! Can you reckon up how much that is worth?"

"Now, then, parson, I ask you this plain question: Ain't religion sometimes like magic? It does the impossible, and it gives us the one thing we want more than anythin' else. There's so much to it that once in a while I'm afraid I'll wake up and find I've been dreamin'. And when I do wake up, it's bigger, and broader, and higher, and more glorious than ever. I begin to laugh when I begin to cry, for it turns all my groanin' into praise. Jest think of it! All these things actually belong to me, and nobody can't dispossess me. They belong to jest me, Hiram Golf, shoemaker by the grace of God, and at present livin' in the little manufacturin' village of Woodbine, with heaven in full view from my cottage winder."

The spell of Hiram's voice, and the profound earnestness with which he spoke, charmed even Cynthia into silence, while the parson's eyes and heart were both full.

"Why," cried Hiram, "I've got so much ahead of me that I'm almost dizzy with gratitude. It is so wonderful, so unexpected, so undeserved! Don't you think I can walk a little while on this poor crutch, when I look forward to a new body, a new life, renewed youth, and the splendour of God, which no eye can bear? Shall I grumble at the small inconveniences of this present time? No, parson; no, Cynthy! With every peg I drive into a shoe I cry, 'Glory, glory!' When I close my tired eyes at night, I say to myself, 'The journey is nearin' its end, and then—ah, then!'

"That's what I call religion. I've got only a taste of it on the tip of my tongue; but what will it be when I drink it as the thirsty traveller drinks from the bucket at the well? I only see a corner

of the battlements; but how shall I feel when I 'hold them in survey?'"

Then, as though he could bear it no longer, or as though language had failed to express his thoughts, he caught up his crutch, and, beating time with it, broke into song. The hymn was a familiar one, and at the third line John joined him. At the second verse even Cynthia caught the glorious infection, and her thin and piping voice was added.

It was a revelation. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings," you would have said if you had passed by at that moment. Religion! It is the gift of gifts, the legerdemain of life. It doubles our joys, and lightens our burdens. The secret of all happiness is in its hands. The lowliest life is made radiant by it, for under its benign influence, poverty forgets itself and drudgery becomes endurable.

As John went home that night he felt that he had been in goodly company, and that the ministry of the Gospel is the grandest work in which the mind and heart of man can engage.

A FAMOUS SCOT.*

In the famous painting illustrating the First General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, one of the most conspicuous figures is the sturdy form of Hugh Miller, arrayed in his Scottish plaid among the grave and reverend seniors, the fathers of the new church. That figure typifies his true relation to the great moral movement of which he was one of the chief actors. It is well that such a sturdy chiel should have such a fitting biographer.

The little town of Cromarty, the birthplace of Hugh Miller, has a very ancient history. Its patriotic historian traces its discovery to Alypos, a descendant of Japhet. Dempster, the Scottish scholar, claims the Maccabees to be but an ancient Highland family. Akin to this, is the assertion of the Scotch servitor that his family is "as auld as the flood, sir, ay! and a great deal aulder." Another veracious chronicler, midway in the history of a Highland clan, says "about this time the world was created."

They are great on pedigree, are our Highland friends, but some one has said that a pedigree as long as the Book of Chronicles is no good "if the hoss can't trot." But Hugh Miller, the son of sturdy covenanting ancestry, gave added lustre to his pedigree. It is significant of the perils of the deep that for more than a hundred years the sea has been the graveyard of the family. Miller's father, grandfather, and two grand-uncles were all buried in its depths.

Young Miller's love of learning seemed to indicate the Church as his sphere; but, he said, "better be anything than an *uncalled* minister," and so he became a mason and quarryman. He was trained, like many another benefactor of his race, in the school of toil, which developed strength of body and of mind. Work was scarce and pay was poor, and he became a wandering Old Mortality, restoring the lichen covered inscriptions of the tombs. He tells of an English mason who mangled Proverb xii. 4, into the bewildering abbreviation: "A virtuous woman is 5s. to her husband."

He refused the Queen's shilling as a likely recruit, and enlisted in the brigade of authors by publishing a volume of verse.

A concise account is given in this volume of the Scottish Church, leading to the Disruption and the establishment of the Edinburgh *Witness* as its organ, with Hugh Miller as its Editor.

To most readers, however, Hugh Miller's name and fame spring from his books on "The Old Red Sandstone," "The Footprints of the Creator," and "The Testimony of the Rocks." His hard work in the quarries led to his study of the rocky pages of Nature and the deciphering of the secrets of the universe. He was such a master of style that Buckland said he would give his left hand to have such powers of description. As an exponent of science, he could hold an audience of five thousand in Exeter Hall despite his northern accent.

The ending of his life was very tragical. The very night that he revised the last proof pages of his great work, "The Testimony of the Rocks," his over-wrought brain gave way, and in a fit of mental aberration, he took his own life.

* *Hugh Miller.* By KEITH LEASK. Famous Scots Series. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs.

MONISM.*

BY PROF. E. I. BADGLEY, LL.D.

1. This is a reprint, the first edition of which we noticed in *The Canadian Methodist Review.* The author evidently thinks he has a mission as the special advocate of "Monism," in the exposition and defence of which he has written several books, and is also the able editor of a quarterly published in Chicago under the title, *The Monist.*

Monism is defined as a "unitary conception of the world." It "stands upon the principle that all the different truths are but so many different aspects of one and the same truth. . . There is but one truth, and that truth is eternal." It "signifies consistency." It is not to be confounded with "one-substance theory;" nor does it "subsume all phenomena under one category." Nevertheless, what we term different substances, as spirit and matter, soul and body, God and the world, "are not separate entities but abstract ideas denoting certain features of reality." All this is not very clear, but it is as clear as anything else in the book.

Monism is a system of progress admitting of a constantly increasing realization, and of a further perfection. It is a plan for a system. It mediates between the extremes of idealism and empiricism. Kant and Mill have each contributed something to a correct conception of truth and science, but both were extremists and need amendment.

Monism becomes a religion which is nothing more nor less than fidelity to truth. Truth is sacred, whether revealed in the book of nature or in the laboratory of the chemist. Truth is a "religious ideal" and as such it "is holy to us."

In his views of God, the Trinity, Personality and Will, the pantheism of Hegel is most manifest, and, we think, subversive of both religion and morality. We think that God is more than either an "abstract" or "a moral idea." Our conceptions are not substantial creations, but an effort to represent to the mind what kind of realities we and other things and personalities are. Thoughts are not things. Our thought in relation to any reality is for the present our solution of it and nothing more. Like all of the author's writings the book is full of thought, but we are far from believing that the theory advocated will either win a general following, or ever come to be regarded as a final philosophy.

2. Anything from the pen of the versatile and brilliant late G. J. Romanes is entitled to a candid hearing. It is well-known that he was an earnest advocate of Evolution; that he carried his views to the extent of publishing anonymously, before he was thirty years of age, "A Candid Examination of Theism," in which he rejected the doctrines of God and a Personal Creator; that in a posthumous publication he cancelled these leading conclusions of the former volume and died in the acceptance of the Christian faith. He held through life, however, to Evolution as the mode of the Divine activity.

It is also wellknown that Herbert Spencer has advocated the inheritance of acquired characters as part of, and essential to, the theory of Evolution. This is disputed by Weismann, and the question is still under review. The present volume is not an examination of the main postulate, so fully discussed between Spencer and Weismann; but an examination of the theories the latter has built upon the presumption that acquired characteristics are not inherited.

*1. "Primer of Philosophy." By Dr. Paul Carus. Revised edition.

2. "An Examination of Weismannism." By George John Romanes. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company.

REST IN JESUS.

Happy the heart, warm, fresh and young,
That in life's dewy morn
Knows how, from brightest joys of earth,
To tear itself with scorn—

To soar up to the throne of God,
Nor ever thence depart,
Finding its one, true, blessed home,
Lord, in Thy sacred heart.

THE UNSELFISHNESS OF ENGLISH POLICY.

Mr. David A. Wells, the well-known American writer, contributes to the *North American Review* a very remarkable article which he entitles "Great Britain and the United States : Their True Relations."

Mr. Wells asks those who maintain that England is the monopolizing selfish Power, to state what it is that she endeavours to monopolize :

"A popular and ready answer would probably be 'land.' But there is not a square foot of the earth's surface over which the flag of England floats which the citizen of the United States, in common with the people of all other countries, has not a right to enter upon and possess and control and enjoy on terms as favourable as are ever granted to any Englishman. England grants no privileges to her own people in respect to trade and commerce which are not equally accorded to the people of all other countries ; and there is no country over which the sovereignty of England extends, where the people of all other countries—white, black, yellow and red—have not the right or privilege of trade, in its broadest sense of exporting and importing, buying, selling, or transporting, on terms in any way different from those enjoyed by her immediate and typical subjects."

England throws all her colonies open to other nations as freely as she opens her doors at home. She is free from the reproach of establishing despotic and arbitrary governments in regions under her flag :

"The sovereignty of England is said to cover about one-third of the earth's surface. It includes forty separate so-called colonies, which embrace about one-fourth of the population of the globe. Whenever the population of any of these colonies becomes considerable, and there is a manifest and intelligent desire on the part of its inhabitants to be emancipated from close dependence on the mother-country, England grants them a substantially free and independent government."

Mr. Wells points out that one of the few restrictions which England does place upon the liberty of her colonists is to prevent them from depriving other nations of the right of unrestricted trade on the same terms as the mother country.

English Treatment of Natives.

Mr. Wells says, that so far from the Americans having the right to take the mote out of John Bull's eye for his treatment of Indians, they had much better take the beam out of their own eye. He says :

"The British American colonies have never warred with their Indians ; never robbed them of their land, but have always dealt kindly and justly by them. The treatment of their Indians by the United States has always been notoriously arbitrary and bad. It has sequestered their land ; arbitrarily abrogated its treaties with them ; almost continually provoked them to hostilities, and nearly effected their extermination."

On another point Mr. Wells is equally emphatic :

"The allegation that the British Government exacts tributes of its subjects, has not even so much as a shadow of a foundation. England does not take from any of her citizens or subjects as much as a sixpence which can merit the name of tribute. There is no government in the world whose administration is more honestly conducted, and which is doing more for the material good of the governed, than the present English government of India."

In conclusion, Mr. Wells pays the following magnificent tribute to the civilizing sovereignty of England :

"Wherever her sovereignty has gone, two blades of grass have grown where one grew before. Her flag, wherever it has been advanced, has benefited the country over which it floats ; and has carried with it civilization, the Christian religion, order, justice and prosperity. England has always treated a conquered race with justice, and what under her rule is the law for the white man is the law for his black, red and yellow brother. And here we have one explanation of the fact that England alone of the nations has been successful in establishing and maintaining colonies : and of the further extraordinary fact that a comparatively small insular country, containing less than 40,000,000 inhabitants, can successfully preside over the destinies of about 360,000,000 other members of the human race."

God did anoint thee with His odorous oil,
To wrestle, not to reign.—*E. B. Browning.*

Current Thought.

Free Silver.

One of the most extraordinary phenomena of the times is the rapidity with which the free silver craze has spread like an epidemic over large areas of the United States. It is most pronounced, of course, in the West and South. It is natural that the silver-producing states should favour the free coinage of their staple product, to which is thus given a value far beyond its intrinsic worth. But there are other causes than this, which make the free coinage of silver so popular. The extension of the wheat producing countries of the world, India, Argentina, Egypt, Russia, the United States, and Canada, has had the inevitable result of reducing the price of bread-stuffs in all the markets of the world.

Farms which were mortgaged, for say $10,000 at six per cent., could pay the interest ten years ago with 600 bushels of grain at one dollar a bushel. Now it takes 1,200 bushels of grain at fifty cents to pay the same interest. The money lenders are almost entirely in the North and East, in the great financial centres; the money borrowers, in the vast grain-producing regions of the West and South. The creditors, or "gold-bugs," get their interest in gold, or its equivalent, while the debtors have to pay their debts with land products greatly depreciated in value.

So also, the western railways are largely built with eastern and foreign capital. Many of these are bonded far beyond their worth, and the interest must be paid in gold. The western farmer feels the effect of the high freight charges on his depreciated grain intensely, and looks for relief to the free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen ounces to one ounce of gold, or nearly twice its value, as a measure of relief in the prevailing indebtedness.

This would be only a temporary relief, because immediately the prices would leap to their real value, or about twice current rates. That is, the farmer would have to give $10 for a coat where now he gives $5. In the meantime, were Mr. Bryan's policy carried out, panic would paralyze the country, east and west, north and south, and commercial relations with all gold-basis nations would be destroyed.

Not this way lies the solution of the labour problem. It will tax the sagacity and statesmanship and patriotism of the nation.

The Elections.

It does not come within the scope of this Magazine and Review to comment upon questions of party politics. In the Methodist Church, fortunately, perfect freedom of thought and action obtains on all political matters. No bishop or potentate can issue any "mandement" or exercise any clerical or spiritual intimidation. No organ or individual can assume to speak for the Methodist Church. Honest differences of opinion exist among godly men.

One thing we may all be proud of—the instant and universal recognition and acceptance of the popular will. No one for a moment dreams of resisting it. In many countries such a political revolution would be attended by bloodshed. Here, silent as a snowflake falls the freeman's ballot, more potent than warrior's bullet.

The independence of action of our Roman Catholic and French fellow citizens is cause for congratulation. Despite priestly terrors and "mandements" they have asserted their manhood and freedom and given demonstration that Queen Victoria and not the Pope of Rome is the sovereign of this commonweal.

Each party, whether in or out of office, is loyal to British connection and to the best interests of Canada. Each party will do its utmost to make our beloved country a praise in the earth—the excellency of many generations.

[The above was written at the Boston Sunday-school Convention just after the election, but was received too late for insertion in the August number of this Magazine and Review.—Ed.]

A Beautiful Charity.

A recent number of the *Independent* is devoted largely to summer vacations. The time was when these were thought to be only the privilege of the rich. But under the pressure of modern life most of the busy toilers in the city try to get at least a few days' vacation amid the pure air and restful scenes of the country. But the feature of special interest in this number is its revelation of the amount of love and thoughtful care which is bestowed in securing for the very poor, for the slum children, for the newsboys and bootblacks, for sick babies and their mothers, for working girls and those to whom a

vacation was an unheard-of luxury, a fortnight or more of summer rest.

In 1873, the city editor of the *New York Times*, after sending his wife and children out of town, heard some little street waif in Lower New York say, "let's play we are in the country." The man's heart was touched, and out of that has sprung the Fresh Air Fund, which has sent many thousands of children for a time to country homes in more than thirty States.

The St. John's Guild of that city has a floating hospital which carries a thousand sick babies, feeble children and worn-out mothers to breathe the healing ozone of the soft sea air. For working-girls one society controls six country or seaside homes, and in New York, Chicago, Detroit, Louisville, San Francisco and elsewhere, such similar provision is made. Not less than 10,000 working-women from New York alone have their fortnight of recuperation in these country homes.

The Children's Aid Society of New York sent out last year 3,779 little boys and girls from their tenement homes for a week beside the sea. A farm school has been established where last year 227 boys attended school and worked on the farm half a day alternately. The great papers organize their various funds, and between thirty and forty thousand women and children have been reached by this beneficence. In Toronto, Montreal and elsewhere in Canada a similar kind of thoughtful provision is made for summer outing for sick children, working-girls and toil-worn mothers. This is one of the most beautiful forms of Christian philanthropy we can conceive.

Homage to the Queen.

In a recent issue of *The Forum* Sir Edwin Arnold has an excellent article on "Victoria, Queen and Empress," in which he rapidly sketches some of the marvellous results which have been achieved under the reign of our great Queen. He says:

"The heart of gold, the will of iron, the royal temper of steel, the pride, the patriotism, and the deep piety of Victoria have been enshrined in a small but vigorous frame, the *mignonne* aspect of which especially strikes those who behold her for the first time in these her 'chair-days.' It was reported how, when Prince Albert was dying, he roused himself from a period of wandering to turn with ineffable love to his spouse and Sovereign, saying to her, with a kiss, 'Good little wife!' And when the Prince Consort was actually passing away, after those twenty-one years of wedded happiness, it was told how the Queen bent over him and whispered, 'It is your *little* wife,' at which last words the Angel of Death stayed his hand while once again the dear eyes opened and the dying lips smiled. But though this be so, no one who has been honoured by near approach to her Majesty, or has ever tarried in her presence, will fail to testify to the extreme majesty of her bearing, mingled always with the most perfect grace and gentleness. Her voice has, moreover, always been pleasant and musical to hear, and is so now. The hand which holds the sceptre of the seas is the softest that can be touched; the eyes which have grown dim with labours of state for England, and with too frequent tears, are the kindest that can be seen."

The Bible in the Schools.

In the Board Schools of Great Britain, as well as in the Public Schools of Canada, the Christian religion is recognized so far at least as the reading of the Bible is concerned. A little group of infidels and agnostics object to this as too much, and the Roman Catholics affirm that it is not enough, and that the denominational schools should receive Government aid for the teaching of denominational doctrine. The same question as been raised in this country and this discussion is of much interest to Canadians. On this subject *The Methodist Times* makes the following vigorous remarks:

"All the great religious communities of the country have accepted the principle of Bible teaching in the elementary schools. The Methodists, the Baptists, the Congregationalists, the Presbyterians, and the Society of Friends are all standing shoulder to shoulder in defence of Bible truth and Bible morality in the public schools of England. There is not a single city, town, or village in England where the attempt to exclude the Bible from the day-schools would not be rejected by an immense majority of Nonconformists with horror and indignation. Their deepest instincts and their loyalty to the Divine Christ are dead against this proposal, and their instincts are right. The acceptance of Bible teaching in the day-school does not in the least degree commit us to the acceptance of the political establishment of a sect. If the State is obliged to undertake the education,

and does undertake the education of millions, and does compel those millions to receive that education, is the State to teach them everything except the Bible? God forbid that the children should be taught everything except the Bible.

"All the Reformers, all the Puritans, all the fathers of English Nonconformity, and all the apostles of the Methodist Revival of the last century believed and taught that it is as much the duty of the State as of the individual to obey Christ. The notion that the State is wholly secular and non-religious was first conceived and propounded by the atheists of the French Revolution. With what scorn would Oliver Cromwell and all the great Congregationalists of the past have repudiated so hideous an idea! Every atheist in the country is ready to second it.

"It is better that children should be taught the facts and truths and morality of the Christian religion in the very words of Scripture. The controversial creeds of technical theology may well be reserved for later years and for other places than the primary day-school."

Revision of the Covenant Service.

In the February number of this magazine we stated that impressive though the covenant service was, it might be made still more so if it were brought more in harmony with our joyous Methodist theology; that it seemed more like the indenture of a bond-servant than the gladsome marriage covenant of the soul with the heavenly Bridegroom; that it emphasizes, in Puritan-wise, the stern duties of service and not the glad obedience of adopted children and heirs of grace and glory.

We were not aware at the time that similar views were held with respect to this venerable service—an heirloom from the times of the Puritans over two hundred years ago—but since then we observe that a strong movement is on foot in England for the revision of that covenant service.

The *Methodist Times* says: "It is out of touch with the best spiritual aspirations of our time. We want a much more attractive, sunny and heavenly service. If the Conference insists upon maintaining a form which is essentially ascetic and morbid, the inevitable result will be a great increase in the present tendency to stay away from the covenant service."

Rev. C. H. Kelly, the devout and accomplished Book Steward of the Wesleyan Church, has prepared a revised form of this service. We question the right for any man or any body of men to reach out the dead hand from the grave, and by an act of ecclesiastical mortmain to impose a rigid form of expression on successive generations of devout God-fearing men and women. Our communion, baptismal, marriage and funeral services have all handed down their heritage from the Roman Catholic Church throughthe Church of England. In Canada we have modified these services, the marriage service as well, but we have maintained intact the somewhat rigid covenant servicee.

British Imperial Federation.

The British Colonial Secretary has won the reputation of being one of England's most brilliant and patriotic statesmen. It is Mr. Chamberlain's aim to use the alleged "isolation of England" to consolidate the Empire. His policy, says *The Literary Digest*, is not without response. The colonials declare that they will stand by England in the hour of danger. Thus Olive Schreiner, the author of "The Story of an African Farm," who, despite her German descent, is an enthusiastic adherent of the British Empire, writes in *The Fortnightly Review* as follows: "If to-morrow England lay prostrate, as France lay in 1871, with the heel of the foreigner at her throat, there are sixty millions of English-speaking men and women all the world over who would leap to their feet. Women would urge on sons and husbands and forego all luxury, and men would leave their homes and cross the seas, if in so doing their was hope of aiding her. It will never be known what Colonial Englishmen feel for the national nest till a time comes when it may be in need of them. It may be more than questioned whether even Brother Jonathan, in spite of the back score against her and the large admixture of foreign blood in his veins, would sit still to see the foreigner crush the nesting-place of his people; to see the cradle of his tongue, the land of Chaucer and Shakespeare, trampled down by men who know not their speech. And the Irish-Englishman all the world over, forgetting six centuries of contumely, would, with the magnanimity of his generous race, stand shoulder to shoulder with his English brother, as he stood and died beside him in every country under the sun. Blood is thicker than water, and language binds closer than blood."

Recent Science.

A Light Without Heat.

The new white light with which Thos. A. Edison has been experimenting has almost reached perfection. The new light, or "fluorescent lamp," as Edison has named it, is somewhat similar to the incandescent lamp now used everywhere. There is a glass globe, from which a part of the air inside has been extracted. There is not so perfect a vacuum as in the incandescent lamp. Unlike the electric lamp, the whole globe glows with a pure white light. The light comes from a metallic crystal known as "tungstate." The illuminating property is due to a peculiar attribute of the tungstate crystal itself.

"I was surprised," said Mr. Edison, "to find that with the intense white light given off by the tungstate there was no heat. The incandescent lamp transforms ninety-five per cent. of the electrical force into heat, and only five per cent. is turned into light. This is a tremendous loss from a commercial point of view. With my new lamp I absolutely can discover no heat. I do not attempt to explain it; I only accept it as a fact. This means an astounding cheapness in lighting, and a consequent commercial gain. The new lamp will last as long as the globe lasts. There are no expensive films to consider. I get, besides, a much better light. It is a singular fact that a two-candle new light lamp gives out to the eye almost twice the illumination effect that a two-candle incandescent lamp does."

Fall of Meteors.

Twenty millions of meteors, according to Dr. Murray, fall upon the earth every day, their aggregate weight amounting to something like two tons. In a hundred years we should get at least one pound, at most twenty pounds, of cosmic dust distributed over each square mile of the earth's surface, and yet the organized search which has been made for cosmic dust in every quarter of the globe has yielded meager results. The best hunting-ground has proved to be the bottom of the Pacific Ocean, where, 1,000 miles from any land, a red clay is brought up, which on examination is shown to consist of three kinds of particles. A magnet will pick out certain microscopic crystal fragments of titanic and magnetic iron, leaving behind a mixture of blackish and brownish spherule, the former of which contain copper, and are seemingly of volcanic origin, while the latter (called "chondres") are of radial eccentric structure, and are judged to be cosmic dust. The slopes of Ben Nevis also yield traces of this extraneous matter, which, considering the millions of years during which it has been steadily falling on the earth, is strangely little in evidence.

Long-range Guns.

The longest distance that a shot has been fired is a few yards over fifteen miles, which was the range of Krupp's well-known "monster" 130-ton steel gun, firing a shot weighing 2,600 pounds. The 111-ton Armstrong gun has an extreme range of fourteen miles, firing a shot weighing 1,800 pounds, and requiring 960 pounds of powder. These guns, however, prove too expensive, being unable to stand firing a hundred times, and their manufacture has practically been abandoned. The 22-ton Armstrong gun hurls a solid shot for a distance of twelve miles, and the discharge of the gun cannot be heard at the place where the ball strikes. From twelve to thirteen miles is the computed range of the most powerful guns now made, and to obtain that range an elevation of nearly forty-five degrees is found to be necessary. Quick-firing guns are more depended upon at the present day than extreme length of range, and in this respect what is considered the most wonderful of guns, perhaps, is one of the Maxims, which can fire as many as six hundred shots a minute, and yet is so light that a soldier can carry it strapped to his back.

Inventions and Labour.

Dr. Talmage is said to have remarked that he experiences a pang of regret every time he hears of a new invention that will do the work of fifty men. Regarding this *The Scientific Machinist*, Cleveland, March 15, says: "Probably the doctor fears that these fifty men are to be thrown out of employment to become tramps, paupers, perhaps criminals. Did he stop to think of the thousands of men to whom such an invention gives employment, perhaps saving them from starva-

tion? Did he stop to think that that invention might lessen the cost of some article—perchance an article absolutely necessary to the civilized state of living —to millions and either add so much comfort to a vast number of lives or save money for many pockets? The cruel malignity of machinery has come to be believed in as much as the most important article of faith of the Christian religion. Its compensations should also be taken into account."

Colour Photography.

The latest contribution to the problem of colour photography is an instrument contrived by Dr. Selle, of Brandenburg, Germany, which, it is claimed, will reproduce in minute details the various colours of objects brought within a specified range of the camera.

The most important factors of the invention are still a secret; but it is announced that the instrument contains three thin gelatine films, placed at equal distances, of which all three receive the same impressions of the objects within the range of the camera, with this distinction, that on the first the various tints of the red, on the second of the blue, and on the third of the yellow are received. The films are correspondingly stained with aniline colours, and when superposed produce the colours true to nature.

The Kinematograph.

This instrument, the invention of MM. A. and L. Lumiere, of Paris, is in principle the same as Edison's kinetoscope and Professor Latham's eidoloscope. Like the latter, it depicts motion in large pictures projected on a screen; but, as in both, the principle employed consists in simply passing rapidly before the eye a series of pictures representing the successive stages of the action or the changing scene to be reproduced. The interval of time between the successive photographs is about 1-900th of a minute, giving a rapidity which exceeds the susceptibility of the eye to perceive distinct impressions, so that the impressions merge together without any perceptible break in continuity.

Interesting experiments have been made with the Roentgen rays upon noxious bacilli by Professor H. P. Pratt and Hugh Wightman, of Chicago. The typhoid and diphtheria microbes were killed by the rays; those of cholera and tuberculosis were rendered inert, showing no disposition to attack the nutriment in the tubes. They will be transplanted to see if they will recover. The chemical effect of the rays appeared to be exerted upon the tissue, free oxygen and an acid being developed which either killed the bacilli or rendered them inactive.

A new death-dealing device, described in the *Electrical World*, is an aërial torpedo. It is a small balloon to which is attached a powerful explosive. The balloon can be directed over a city or fort, and an electrical device will cause the torpedo to drop to earth, carrying havoc and destruction far and wide. Such devices will have the effect of making nations, we should judge, less eager for war.

Berlin has a waiterless coffee house. All along the walls of the establishment automatic machines are placed, each with a label revealing its contents. The customer takes a glass, holds it under the faucet, inserts a penny in the slot and is served instanter with beer, coffee, tea or milk, as the case may be.

Some of the medical journals report a new affection of the eyes, caused, it is said, by the prevailing method of seating in street-cars. The effort to fix the gaze upon passing objects causes an annoying strain and twitching in the external muscles of the globes.

The camel's foot is a soft cushion, peculiarly well adapted to the stones and gravel over which it is constantly walking. During a single journey through the Sahara horses have worn out three sets of shoes, while the camel's feet are not even sore.

When water freezes it expands with a force estimated at 30,000 pounds per square inch. No material has been found which can withstand this pressure.

The air, after a heavy snowfall, is usually very clear, because the snow, in falling, brings down with it most of the dust and impurities, and leaves the atmosphere exceedingly clear.

A nine-mile railroad between Hull and Aylmer, Canada, will be converted into an electric road, and the engine ordered will be the first electric one in the country.

Book Notices.

Moral Law and Civil Law, Parts of the Same Thing. By ELI F. RITTER. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 90c.

The great systems of jurisprudence of Christendom are largely based upon the Ten Commandments, which received their solemn sanctions amid the thunderings and lightnings on Mount Sinai. They appear in the pandects of Justinian, in the laws of Alfred, in the code of Napoleon, and in the civil law of all nations. The harmony, or identity rather, of moral and civil law is clearly shown in this book. It has its practical application, too, in the author's treatment of the legislation on the drink traffic. His conclusion on this subject is that the saloon business is an immoral business. Hence the licensing of that business is licensing immorality, and is bargaining away the public morals and the public safety.

History of the Christian Church. By GEORGE H. DRYER, D.D. Vol. I. Founding of the New World. Cincinnati: Curts & Jennings. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, 12mo. Pp. 413. Eleven illustrations. With index. Price, $1.50.

We hail with delight the contribution to American literature of a popular history of the Christian Church. As a student, we wearied over the minute details and angular forms of expression in Kurtz and other translations from German authors. In this volume the history of the first six hundred years is treated in a way so comprehensive and lucid that, while no vital part is omitted, the facts are so presented as to be easily comprehended. The author well says in his preface: "The distinguishing feature of our civilization is that it is Christian. The Man of Galilee uttered words and lived a life by which public opinion judges men and nations. Our developing civilization feels the influence of the centuries of Christian history." And the conclusion he draws is that "every intelligent man should know, at least in outline, the history of his own land and of the Christian Church." He recognizes the unity of Christian history, and places the reader in the midst of the Christian life of the time. He properly regards the history of the Christian Church as the record of life, and not merely the tracing of doctrines and usages. It is the following of the development of the kingdom of heaven on earth. This work is written for popular use, and is eminently adapted not only for college students but for Sunday-school libraries, young people's reading courses and family circles. It will be complete in four or five volumes. The second, now in course of preparation, will reach the Reformation period. We bespeak for this history private and public use.

A. M. P.

Princess Anne: A Story of the Dismal Swamp, and other Sketches. By ALBERT R. LEDOUX. New York: The Looker-On Publishing Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

The Dismal Swamp celebrated in Moore's and Longfellow's poems, and in Mrs. Stowe's famous tale of "Dred," receives a new interest from this little book. It tells the pitiful story of negro lepers who took refuge in the recesses of that drear region where "the earth is almost water, and water not quite earth." The sketch is very strongly written and has some striking dramatic situations. The other sketches evince a keen sympathy with nature and rare facility in its interpretation.

By Oak and Thorn: A Record of English Days. By ALICE BROWN. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.25.

One of the strongest ties between the Mother and the Daughter land on either side of the sea is the literary and romantic associations of the Old Country. The writer of this book realizes to the full the manifold charm of these associations, and describes with enthusiasm her pilgrimage through Kingsley's Devon, the Haunt of the Doones, the Land of Arthur, the Bronte Country, and other interesting parts of the Motherland.

The Crisis of this World; or, The Dominion and Doom of the Devil. By S. M. MERRILL, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Cincinnati: Cranston & Curts. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, 60c.

It is too much the fashion nowadays to explain away the doctrine of a personal

devil, but there is evidence enough in the world as well as in the Scripture of his existence. Bishop Merrill is a vigorous thinker, and a clear and strong writer. This little book is one of the best discussions of this important subject we have seen.

Current History. Vol. VI., No. 1. Buffalo: Garretson, Cox & Co. Pp. 250. Price, $1.50 per year.

This exceedingly useful quarterly improves with each volume. The editor, A. S. Johnson, Ph.D., is, we believe, a Canadian, and very ample space is devoted to Canadian subjects, thirteen pages in this number with seven portraits. A condensed survey of national and international events for the quarter is given, with a record of recent progress in science, literature and art. It is of great value to the student of current events.

Some Records of the Life of Stevenson Arthur Blackwood, K.C.B. Compiled by a friend and edited by his widow. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo. Pp. xi. 595.

Sir Arthur Blackwood was one of the most conspicuous figures in the religious life of London. He possessed *entree* to the highest social circles, and after his conversion promptly confessed his Master, preaching the Gospel in the fashionable parlours which he had formerly visited as a devotee of pleasure. Yet he was no ascetic. At the postal congress at Vienna he was the only member of the congress who did not visit the theatre and attend the balls. He was also a champion lawn-tennis player. Through his influence largely the Baroness Langenau espoused the cause of the persecuted Methodists in Vienna. We shall devote to this book a special article in an early number.

The Mound Builders; Their Works and Relics. By Rev. Stephen D. Peet, Ph.D. Vol. 1. Pp. xxii. 370. Chicago: Office of the American Antiquarian.

The works and relics of the mound builders, the cliff dwellers and pueblo builders, furnish a theme of fascinating interest. The volume under review presents the most full, exact and extensive treatment of this subject we have anywhere met. Dr. Peet has devoted many years to the subject, is the editor of the "American Antiquarian and Oriental Journal," the oldest archæological review in the country, and is a member of several American and foreign archæological societies. He has devoted himself with enthusiasm to this subject, and has produced a volume which is simply essential to those who would master its literature. This is a theme which cannot be understood without full illustration, maps and diagrams and cuts. Dr. Peet has supplied this need with 243 illustrations. We shall devote a special article in an early number of this Magazine and Review to this important volume.

Christianity Vindicated by its Enemies. By Daniel Dorchester, D.D. Cloth, 16mo, 187 pages. Price, 75 cents. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs.

This little book has for its motto, "Their rock is not as our Rock, even our enemies themselves being judges," and is intended to present in condensed form the argument for Christianity as against the various forms of scepticism. It is especially written to be helpful to the young, who are often in danger of doubts. The author's assumption is that "Infidelity is both of the head and of the heart." He carefully avoids the arguments and facts from the Christian side of the case, and seeks all the proofs and testimonies out of the admissions made by those who are either enemies to or are not friends of Christianity. This is a unique way of vindicating Christianity, and yet so good is the cause that the verdict may be left to outside judges. That this is true is clearly proven by the cumulative argument of the book.

The weakness and folly of infidelity, and the strength and blessedness of Christianity, are so brought out in the discussion that one's confidence in and respect for Christianity is greatly stimulated. It is just the book to put into the hands of the doubter. A. M. P.

How to Study the Bible for Greatest Profit. By R. A. Torrey, Superintendent Chicago Bible Institute, Author of "How to Bring Men to Christ," "Baptism with the Holy Spirit," etc. Cloth, 16mo., pp. 121. Price, 75 cents. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co.

The author has issued this book to meet a felt want, as indicated by many inquiries on "how to study the Bible." The answer, as found in the book itself, has been given in addresses at various places, and requested to be put in permanent shape. His aim is to give "The

methods and fundamental conditions of the Bible study that yield the largest results," and in so doing accommodates the scientific method to popular work. The book is full of good suggestions and will be a help to those who wish to study the Bible in a devotional frame of mind.

This book is the more valuable, coming as it does from a practical instructor, and is a fit companion for, "How to Bring Men to Christ." Preachers, theological students, and all Christian workers, will receive great assistance from both these works. The increased interest in Bible study is one of the most encouraging features of our times, and any works that tend to stimulate it ought to have a wide circulation. A. M. P.

The Fisherman and His Friends. A series of Revival Sermons by Louis Albert Banks, D.D., Pastor Hanson Place M. E. Church, Brooklyn, N.Y. Cloth, 12mo, 365 pp. Gilt top. $1.50. New York, London, and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

The freshness and suggestiveness of Dr. Banks' recent book of revival sermons, entitled "Christ and His Friends," ensures a glad welcome for this companion volume, "The Fisherman and His Friends." The sermons in this new volume were all the result of long study and observation, but the actual construction of each sermon was left till the day of delivery. Then out of the fulness of the heart and mind the mouth spoke. The blessing of God attended their delivery most abundantly, and a large number of men and women were persuaded by them to accept Christ as their Saviour. Bishop John F. Hurst characterizes these sermons as follows: "The subjects are strong, striking and varied, the treatment is of the most searching kind, and, altogether, it is a most valuable addition to our devotional literature." In suggestion and illustrative material this book is invaluable to Christian workers, who, in the Bible class of the Sunday-school, or in the pulpit, are seeking to win souls to the Master. To the Gospel fisherman who longs to become skilful in the supreme work of catching men, this stimulating and inspiring book cannot be too highly commended.

The Modern Reader's Bible. "The Book of Job," and "Deuteronomy." Edited, with an Introduction and Notes by Richard G. Moulton, M.A., Ph.D., Professor of Literature in English in the University of Chicago. Cloth extra, 18mo. Price, 50 cents each. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

These are two additional volumes in "a series of works from the Sacred Scriptures presented in modern literary form." The purpose of this series has regard to the Bible as part of the world's literature, without reference to questions of religious or historic criticism. The introductions are confined strictly to the consideration of the book as a piece of literature, and the annotations are of the same kind. In these volumes we have the benefit of Prof. Moulton's rare skill and experience in unfolding to ordinary audiences the literary significance and beauties of the Bible. This work is destined to have a wide and salutary influence.

Peter Mackenzie; His Life and Labours. By the Rev. Joseph Dawson, author of "The Face of a Soul," and "The Soul of the Sermon," etc., third edition. London: Charles H. Kelly, 2 Castle Street, City Road, and 66 Paternoster Row, E. C. Toronto: William Briggs. 1896.

One of the characteristics of Methodism is that it tends to develop the individuality of its preachers, indeed it would be hard to fashion upon conventional models such an original genius as Peter Mackenzie. We use the word genius advisedly. He was a poet as well as an orator—though so far as we know he never wrote a line of verse. He was an apostle of the common people, loved and honoured and revered throughout Great Britain. It is calculated that he raised $600,000 for religious purposes by means of his stirring sermons and lectures. We shall make this unique personality the subject of a special article in this magazine.

Literary Note.

The Religion of Science Library, January, 1896. The Redemption of the Brahman, a novel by Richard Earle. The novel in this little volume is a very simple affair. A Brahman falls in love with a girl of the merchant caste and breaks his caste. We fear that this can hardly be dignified by the name of "redemption." The description of the struggle required to break away from the bondage of hereditary order and faith is, however, well described. N. B.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

The Methodist Church.

The convocation exercises of Mount Allison University were eminently successful. The exhibition in the Arts Department excited universal admiration. The orations, including the valedictory, were superior to those of former years. President Allison and the Faculty may well be proud of the success achieved during the year. An enlargement of Lingley Hall is contemplated. Mr. Massey's bequest was especially appreciated.

Rev. Messrs. Crossley and Hunter were very successful at Yarmouth, N.S. It was estimated that 3,000 were present at the farewell meeting. Between 500 and 600 gave in their names as seekers after "the pearl of great price."

They next went to Windsor, N.S., where they were equally, if not more successful. After another month's pleasing toil, they closed their labours amidst the most gratifying circumstances. Berwick camp-meeting was the next scene of their beloved work. We understand that they intend to remain in the Maritime Conferences until 1897.

Nova Scotia Conference.

The Rev. John Johnston was elected President, and Rev. D. W. Johnston, re-elected Secretary. Dr. Carman, General Superintendent, preached on Sabbath morning, and Dr. Potts in the evening, when four candidates who had completed their probation were ordained.

The business of the Conference proceeded most satisfactorily. Rev. A. Kinley was received into the ministry. This was an unusual occurrence, as Mr. Kinley had been connected with the Reformed Baptist Church. His people, one hundred in number, joined the Methodist Church with their pastor.

Rev. C. H. Paisley reported success in his enterprize on behalf of the Supernumerary Fund, having received promises amounting to $13,000.

The statistics reported an increase of 735 to the membership of the Church.

As the Rev. A. C. Borden, M.A., B.D., has accepted an appointment to Japan, the Conference took an affectionate leave of their heroic brother.

New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island Conference.

This Conference met in St. John. Rev. T. Marshall was elected President, and Rev. Geo. Steel, was re-elected Secretary. On the evening of the first day a sacramental service was held, at which Father Daniel, a veteran of eighty years, delivered a historic address which was greatly appreciated. Dr. Carman gave a strictly sacramental address which was solemnizing.

The Rev. John Prince has completed his jubilee year. Rev. Jas. Taylor and Geo. O. Huestis, Nova Scotia Conference, were also in the same honoured position. The Epworth League movement is taking hold of the young people in the East.

The following is the increase of members in the various Conferences: Hamilton, 756; London, 1,293; Bay of Quinte, 581; Toronto, 740; Manitoba, 556; New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, 459; Nova Scotia, 736; Newfoundland, 188; total, 5,309; Montreal decrease, 455; net increase, 4,854.

Newfoundland Conference.

St. John's was the place of meeting. The Conference was favoured by the presence of the General Superintendent, Dr. Carman, and the Senior Missionary Secretary, Dr. Sutherland. The Conference gave them a cordial greeting. Rev. H. P. Cowperthwaite, M.A., was elected President, and Rev. J. T. Newman, Secretary.

The Missionary Anniversary was very successful, so was the Educational. Dr. Carman and Dr. Sutherland both spoke at great length to the delight of all who heard them. Rev. C. H. Paisley made an appeal for the aged veterans, the Supernumeraries, and the congregation laid $200 on the plates.

Sunday was a great day. A holiness meeting on the preceding night was a good preparation for the exercises of the holyday, which began with a love-feast. The various churches in the city were occupied by members of Conference. Dr. Sutherland preached in the Conference Church to an immense concourse of people.

From the statistical report we gather

that the increase in the membership is 188, most of the funds also report an increase of income.

All were gratified with the state of affairs in the college. The debt has been considerably reduced.

Toronto was lately visited by Professor Beet, of Richmond College, London. The Doctor's fame as a Biblical Exegete drew large congregations to hear him in Metropolitan and Sherbourne Street Churches. This eminent theologian was employed to deliver courses of lectures at Ocean Grove, Chautauqua and Chicago, and preached in New York, Washington, Cleveland, and other cities, so that he was privileged to see a good deal of Methodism in the western world. He was greatly pleased with Toronto, and was full of admiration for Wesley Buildings, the like of which he had not seen anywhere.

Methodist New Connexion Conference.

This Conference met at Batley, near Leeds. The Centenary Fund has reached $350,000.

The Stationing Committee consists of three ministers and two laymen. Ministers and representatives can appear before the Committee, if they desire, and plead their respective claims.

There is an increase of 136 members in China, which makes the increase in the Connexion more than 300, which is larger than that in any other branch of Methodism in England.

New mission premises, including a chapel and training institution, in Tientsin, China, are to be erected, nearly $20,000 are invested for the cost.

All the Connexional funds are in advance.

Primitive Methodist Conference.

Burnley, in Lancashire, was the place of meeting. The denomination is strong in the town and immediate vicinity.

The non-conformist pulpits of the town were occupied by members of Conference on the Sabbath. Open-air meetings were held, when sermons were delivered from four preaching-stands. The increase in the membership is only 304. The Book Room reported a prosperous year, with profits of $16,920, $15,000 of which was donated to the Superannuation Fund. The village question excites much attention among all branches of Methodists in England. The Primitives have places of worship in 3,453 villages. The Missionary Society reported an increase of nearly $25,000. The Primitives and the Methodist Free Churches employ mission vans which perambulate in different counties. Those who have them in charge hold open-air and other services, at which they circulate connexional and other literature.

One new chapel has been built every week during last year.

A united love-feast was held at the Wesleyan Centenary Church, York, when ministers of Wesleyan, New Connexion, Primitive Methodist, and Methodist Free Churches took part.

Wesleyan Methodist.

The Conference of the parent body is in session in Liverpool as these notes are being prepared.

Rev. D. J. Waller, D.D., President of Conference for 1895, was presented at the levee at St. James' Palace, held by the Prince of Wales on behalf of the Queen.

Local preachers are important agents in English Methodism. In the Wesleyan Church alone there are 17,141 local preachers. There is an association for the benefit of the aged and sick of these brethren, and it has now been arranged that the local preachers of other branches of Methodism can become members of the Association. Without this army of local preachers Methodism could not be maintained in England.

The Irish Conference was held at Dublin. Rev. Dr. Waller presided. He was accompanied from England by Rev. M. Randles, D.D., and Rev. Walford Green, ex-President.

Owing to emigration, some of the circuits in the West of Ireland had suffered great loss, and needed much financial aid. Some of the funds suffered declension, but others reported increases.

Dr. Crawford Johnson gave a glowing account of his visit to the General Conference and of his tour in Canada and the United States.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

A remarkable incident which proves the extent of this Church was given at the late General Conference. One of the bishops stated, that in the course of episcopal visits to foreign conferences, he had occasion to utilize as many as forty interpreters representing more tongues than were spoken at Pentecost.

The Wesleyan Mission in Germany has been given to the Methodist Episcopal Church. The hope is indulged that a similar union will soon follow in Italy.

Rev. C. H. Yatman has returned from his evangelistic tour around the world. He says: "In all of Australasia, which includes New Zealand, I am forcibly struck with the amazing amount of good done by Bishop Taylor to the colonies; the abiding results of his evangelistic tour here, many years ago, are found on every side. At the Methodist Conference at Victoria I found there were forty-nine of his converts preaching the Gospel."

Bishop and Mrs. Joyce have gone to Asia, and will hold the Conferences in China, Korea and Japan.

The increase of Methodism in India has been marvellous. It now represents a Christian community of more than 100,000 souls. The membership has increased by 39,802 or 130 per cent. during the last four years.

Recent Deaths.

The Rev. W. D. Kirkland, D.D., editor of the Sunday-school publications in the Methodist Episcopal Church South, died very suddenly. He was eminently successful in all the positions which he filled.

In Canada, Mr. P. E. W. Moyer has been removed. He travelled a few years in the Methodist Church, but for about forty years he has laboured as a local preacher. As a man he was greatly esteemed and filled important positions both in the Church and civil affairs.

The Rev. Geo. Daniel, formerly a missionary in the Friendly Islands, passed to his reward since our last issue. He was a leader in the Australian Churches, and filled the presidential chair.

Rev. William Wilson, better known as "Fiji" Wilson, has left the church militant. None of the heroes of Fiji have pleaded so earnestly and successfully for that land of cannibals as he. His life was one of great domestic affliction, but of eminent usefulness.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe was permitted to live to a good old age and then entered into rest.

Mrs. Letitia Youmans, whose maiden name was Creighton, was born near Cobourg, in 1827, and died at Toronto, July 19th. She was not a stranger in her youth to the hardships of pioneer life. She made the best of her school privileges and became a person of more than ordinary intelligence, and qualified herself for the office of teacher in connection with the Rev. D. C. Vannorman's academy. In 1850 she married, and after more than thirty years of happy wedded life, she was left a widow.

At an early age Mrs. Youmans became a member of the Methodist Church, with which she continued until her removal to the better world. She was a plodding labourer in church work, more especially among the young. At camp-meetings and evangelistic services, she was always ready to render efficient aid.

As a temperance advocate she was well known, not only in Canada and the United States, but also in England. During the Scott Act campaign she did yeoman service, as hundreds can testify. During this campaign, the present writer was associated with her, in one county, and he always admired her Christian fidelity and patience during that trying period.

The W.C.T.U. and the Order of Good Templars are greatly indebted to the deceased lady for her untiring efforts on their behalf.

In the United States she was almost as well known and equally beloved as she was in Canada. She inaugurated the W.C.T.U. in the Provinces of Quebec and Manitoba. In 1882 she went to England as a fraternal delegate to the British Women's Temperance Association, and during her stay she addressed several public meetings, and was everywhere received in a most enthusiastic manner. Lady Somerset, Miss Frances Willard, and other distinguished ladies, received her most joyfully.

For the past eight years Mrs. Youmans has been confined to her room, and for most of the time suffered the most intense agony from inflammatory rheumatism. When visited by her friends she always expressed herself as firmly trusting in the Saviour, and, to the last moment, took the greatest possible interest in the great work in which she had so long laboured.

The memorial service, held July 21st, was deeply affecting. Telegrams were received from various parts of the Dominion and the United States, and a cablegram signed by Lady Somerset, Miss Willard and Miss Gordon, was sent from England. These illustrious ladies styled Mrs. Youmans the "Deborah of Canada." She rests from her labours and her works follow her.

The editor of this magazine recently visited the venerable Neal Dow, at his home in Portland, and among the first enquiries which he made was respecting Mrs. Youmans, of whom he spoke in terms of the highest eulogy.

Silver-Stemmed Eucalyptus,

Gippsland, Australia.